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THE JEWS OF EUROPE IN THE MIDDLE AGES.*

THE story of the Jews in the middle ages deserves to be told, for reasons of very different kinds. It is a tragedy self-made, and more terrible than any poet's fiction. It has, too, the interest of all masterpieces, that we are familiar with all that has gone before. Our childhood is nursed with tales of the childhood of the Jewish nation. Peaceful patriarchal families coalescing into a tribe, creeping with stealthy defiance from the treacherous hospitality of Egypt, hardened by their desert life, and moulded into a nation of warriors by the greatest of lawgivers, shattering the giant Anakim by the force of faith and law, and giving birth to sublime prophets and a long line of kings;—such is the ancient story, which we know far better than the tale of Saxon, Dane, and Norman. But the line of continuity is strangely broken. We follow them into their exile, their happy restoration, the magnificent fury of their last defiance, and then we lose them utterly for many centuries, to find them in the present day rising once again from misery and defilement, reverend, like Œdipus, for age and sorrow, and gifts not earthly; shunned, like him, for memories of awful and mysterious sin.

It is not for want of written record, whether of friend or foe, that Jewish mediæval history has remained obscure. Nor did misery so deaden intellectual and moral strength that such record should be merely monotonous and servile. Much has been recorded, and much was worth recording. But it has lain deeply buried, till lately, and still for the most part lies in the unsounded depths of our great libraries. Pertz's vast collection of German chronicles, the *Acta Conciliorum*, the folios of the *Ordonnances* of the French kings, abound in tales of Jewish heroism,—tales told, it should be noted, by their Christian persecutors; for the Jewish side of the question has been barely touched as yet. But one adequate attempt has been

made by the German, Jost, to write modern Jewish history as a Jew alone could write it; and a glimpse only has been given us of a vast system of mediæval psalmody, which, hard and rugged as it may be, is yet really national and heartfelt, and in depth of devotion, at least, if not in poetic power, will be found no degenerate echo of the old Hebrew lyre.*

The early existence of the Jews in Italy is known to every reader of the New Testament, and of the Latin Poets. A large colony was brought by Pompey from Palestine to Alexandria, and from Alexandria to every part of the civilized world the road was easy. But far before this, and westward of Italy, had been founded Semitic cities, some of which had seen the rise of Roman and even of Grecian power. We know not how early the Jews may have visited their Phœnician brethren of Marseilles, of Tartessus, of Gadeira, of New Carthage; and we need not criticise very carefully the claims advanced by the Jews of Spain to have been sent there by Nebuchadnezzar or by Solomon. The council of Elvira, however, proves their existence there as early as the fourth century.

The entrance of the Jews into Europe is altogether pre-historical. Their existence in any country is at all events among the earliest facts of its history. The process of their settlement would be gradual, and is easy to conceive. Starting from Marseilles, and fixing an emporium at Lyons and other cities of the Rhone, they would cross the watershed, and descend the valleys leading to the northern seas. They followed, or perhaps preceded† the march of Roman conquest. The chain of forts built along the Rhine-valley from Basle to Cologne, was for them a chain of mercantile communication. Coblenz, Mainz, Worms, Spire, are names of terrible mark in Jewish annals. The Loire, the Seine, the Meuse, and the Moselle

* Zunz, *Synagogue Poesie des Mittelalters*. Berlin, 1855. This book contains translations into German verse of several hundred Jewish psalms, with historical explanations.

† The *negotiores*, of whom Cæsar speaks, were very probably Jews.

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guided them to Orleans, Troyes, Paris, Maestricht, Metz, and Treves. Whether any great number entered Western Europe from the Byzantine empire it is difficult to discern: the Jews of Hungary may have come thence: but the vast numbers at present existing in Poland and North Russia are the result of emigration from the Rhine. Roman conquest opened the road to Jewish commerce, as afterwards to the spread of Christianity; and thus it was at no long period from the fall of Jerusalem that Jews were to be found diffused through every part of Western Europe.

That wise though sceptical tolerance of national creeds, by which the Roman rulers sought to secure the adhesion of each discrepant portion of the vast imperial fabric, was not denied to the Jewish race; for their obedience, far more than that of any other nation, hung upon the freedom and security of their worship. The Christians alone were not tolerated, because their faith was so dangerous a solvent of the creeds around them. But the Jews, equally intolerant in principle, and far more exclusive in feeling, cared not to propagate their faith. Self-involved, sublimely conscious that in a sinful and perverse world they were God's only children, they waited in calm assurance for the day when their faith would be triumphant and their race rule the world. They welcomed the Empire, for it was the principle of the Empire to give free scope of action to the provinces. Jews were seen mourning bitterly at Caesar's funeral. And the wiser among their rulers guarded with jealous fear against any premature assertion of independence that might draw down the imperial wrath upon them. But prudence and patience were but subordinate instincts in the Jewish nature. The firm belief that the imperial power was but a transient yoke continually suggested that the day of glory had now come; and Jerusalem became at last a chronic centre of rebellion which it fell to the lot of Titus to eradicate. But Titus left more Jews in Palestine than Nebuchadnezzar had left; and a nation which could count an unbroken series of deliverers from Moses to the Maccabees, lent a willing ear to the fanatic who assured them that Hadrian was to be added to the list of Pharaoh, Sennacherib, Belshazzar, and Antiochus. The rebellion of 133 A.D. was bloodier than the

famous siege of Titus. Barcocheba, Son of the Star, was hailed by Akiba, the great prophet "to whom God had revealed more than to Moses;" and Hadrian, by prohibiting circumcision, by making the Holy City a Roman colony, had filled the cup of guilt to overflowing. Julius Severus was called from Britain to conduct the struggle; the enemy was at last blockaded in his stronghold, Bethoron, and the verdict of war satisfied his followers of his imposture. But the peace that followed was the peace of desolation. Half a million of lives had been lost; Palestine had become the desert we now see it; and worst of all, the spirit of the nation was broken; it thenceforth became a fixed clause of their faith to resign all hope of the immediate advent of a Deliverer. From this time rather than from the fall of Jerusalem, dates the Jewish dispersion.

They still enjoyed the protection and tolerance of Roman law; even when Christians had assumed the purple. Constantine indeed speaks of the "hateful Jewish crew," the "parricides who had murdered their Lord;" yet even he acknowledges the rights of their religion so far as to exempt their priests from the burden of the decurionate. But it is worth while to consult the Theodosian Code, and thus obtain a summary view of their position in the Roman world.

They were excluded from all civil dignity: they were forbidden in any way to persecute those who might be converted to Christianity; to mimic the Christian ceremonial; to build new synagogues.* On the other hand, their existing synagogues are to be scrupulously respected; no personal insult is to be offered to their high priests; these are to be exempt from all military or civil burdens. Lastly, the Christian slaves in a Jew's possession, though to be allowed the free exercise of their religion, are not to be forcibly emancipated. "It is clear (says Theodosius) that there is no law to suppress the sect of the Jews. We are sorely displeased that in certain places their assemblies have been forbidden."

The Roman law was not lost when the Roman Empire fell. These tolerant statutes of Theodosius, repeated by Honorius, confirmed by Valentinian, were enforced by the wise leader of a nation that showed itself most apt to imbibe Roman civilization, though it

* *Codez Theod. lib. xvi. tit. viii. ix.*

shares the indiscriminate name of barbarian with the Scythians and Huns. Theodoric, king of the Ostrogoths, resolutely defended the Jews against the people and the clergy. The Jews of Genoa had requested leave to repair their synagogue.

"We strictly adhere (Theodoric answers) to the wise provisions of the ancient laws, and we grant your request, forbidding you to add a single decoration, or to increase the space of the building. But we cannot approve your request, even while we grant it."

He severely reproaches the Senate of Rome for allowing a synagogue to be burnt down:

"If the Jews were in fault, why not bring them to justice? why avenge the faults of men upon stone walls? God (he elsewhere says) has permitted variety of religion; we therefore cannot enforce uniformity. The advantages of civil justice are not to be denied to those who err in matters of faith. By meeting with human justice, the Jews may at last attain the divine.*"

But this mundane spirit of tolerant justice was to be met by and to sink before the stronger spirit of Catholic zeal. The conflict of these two, the fatal triumph of the latter, forms the tragedy of this history. Nor is the tragedy less tragic, that the stern current of necessity lies under. It could not have been otherwise. We cannot wish the work of Catholicism undone: and from Catholicism the theory of persecution of the obstinate heretic flowed by a logic apparently as merciful as it was rigorous. If outside the pale of Christianity were *nulla salus*, surely it were mercy to prevent, by the sword as well as by other means, the spread of spiritual poison, the birth of souls predestined to eternal agony. Nor must it be forgotten that there were leaders of the Church noble and manly enough to be illogical. There were men like Isidore of Seville and Bernard of Clairvaux, and, to the honor of the papacy be it said, there was a long list of popes, who subtly distinguished Judaism from other heresies, and fought successfully against the demon of fanaticism.

It was in Visigothic Spain that the theory of persecution was first carried out. Under the Arian kings, as under the Arian Theodoric, they were protected, and must have thriven fast; for 80,000 were involved in the persecution of Sisebut, one of the first of the Catholic rulers. They remonstrated with the

king (so a Jewish historian* tells us) as follows:—

"Joshua (they said) never forced the nations he subdued to adopt the Mosaic ritual. Is it not enough to consign us to damnation in the next world? Why are we tormented before our time?" Joshua (replied Sisebut) did what seemed him good; I do likewise: the Holy Church tells me that all those who are not regenerate perish. Temporal good, men may, of their own choice, receive or cast away; the welfare of souls must be enforced, as the lesson upon the froward child."

Isidore of Seville passed a decided censure in a general council of the Spanish clergy upon this stroke of government; but after Isidore's death, Church, king, and people were unshackled of any inconsistent aberrations of human kindness, and rushed onward in a headlong course of conscientious cruelty. In the space of sixty years we find eight councils registering anti-Jewish laws; a large portion of the Visigothic Code is devoted to the subject; and we shall find there a theory of spiritual government of a singularly naive kind.

No convert† is to apostatize or even cherish a hope of renewing his error; no one is to flee or conceal himself in order to avoid conversion: no one is to shelter any Jew whom the officers of the Church are pursuing, or to refuse to point out his hiding-place. No Jew is to insult the faith by deed, word, or thought. The passover, the sabbath, circumcision, are forbidden. Lest they should observe their feasts, they are to appear before the bishop on those days. They were to eat the flesh of Swine: had not St. Paul said, "To the pure all things are pure?" This was an especial grievance: in a very curious petition, preserved in the collection of statutes, "they are willing (they say) to eat other flesh that had been boiled in the same cauldron: would not that suffice?" Finally, no Jew's evidence is to be received against a Christian; "for if the liar before men, is not to be believed, how much less the liar before God." The concluding words of the statute are remarkable:—

"If our successors shall keep this law, the conquering right hand of Christ shall give them conquest, and shall strengthen their thrones, beholding their faith. But if any shall break these laws, defending a Jew by

* Schævet ben Virgæ

† Lindenbrog, *Cod. Visig. lib. xii. tit. ii. 4-17.*

* *Cassiod. Var. ii. 27; iv. 43, 83; v. 27.*

word or deed, may the weight of his sins press him down for ever. When the terrible time of the judgment to come shall be made manifest—when the fearful coming of the Lord shall be revealed, let him be severed from the Christians on the right hand, let him be burnt with the Hebrews on the left, in horrible flames, in company with the fiend, that the avenging fire may rage forever upon the ungodly, and rich and plenteous recompense be given to the followers of Christ."

But if a judgment was coming, it was upon the Christians that it was about to fall. A new power was sweeping along the African seaboard with terrible strides from east to west; from their African brethren the Spanish Jews learnt that the followers of Mahomet were merciful to those who owned Abraham as a common father: false as was their doctrine, were it not better to abide their dominion for a season—ay, voluntarily to invite it, and fight under a common standard against the children of Edom? Such thoughts shaped themselves into action. Strange messages and eager replies sent by the Jews to their brethren beyond the sea, dimly reach the ear of Egica, the sternest of these Visigothic Pharaohs. Once more the Council of Toledo is called together.

"The sin of Judah (the king says) is written with a pen of iron and the point of a diamond; they themselves forestall their doom; they plot with the Jews of Africa to shake the foundations of the throne. The wall of infidelity must be continually shaken by the engines of the Church. The more obstinate the disease, the more assiduous and the sharper must be the remedy."

All Jewish property is to be confiscated, and divided amongst their slaves; all their children above seven years of age are to be torn from their parents and brought up in the Christian faith. Such was the remedy—singularly worse than the disease, since in the impending struggle it must have made the Jews far more dangerous traitors to the Gothic cause than Count Julian could have ever been. The Council of Toledo was never called again; within fifteen years the battle of Xeres had been fought, and the kingdom of the Visigoths had passed away for ever.

The Rhone and the passes of the Pyrennees are the roads by which the Jews entered Gaul. Those that came from Spain were driven thence by the Gothic kings; but, long before the Goths had left their Scandinavian home,

the Jew was to be found in the strange-medley of nations that commerce drew to the ancient exotic city of Marseilles. The Jews of Languedoc and Provence, from the fifth to the tenth century, led a strangely-favored life. But, throughout the whole of Gaul they were to be found: for their chief trade was slave-dealing; and there was no part of the barbarian world that would not sell slaves for jewelry, cloth, and spices, and no part of the civilized world where slaves would not find a ready market. That most important of social revolutions, the elevation of slaves into serfs, had indeed begun; laborers were already, in a great measure, attached to the soil, and were no longer moveable property; yet, slave-dealing was still an active trade; and not till Christians were seen exposed for sale at Rome by Jewish traders, did it excite attention from the Church. Contrary as it was to the Theodosian law, yet Gregory makes no more stringent rule than that no Christian should remain in Jewish hands more than forty days. After that time, if no Christian buyer appeared, he was to be restored to the seller.

The value of Jews as financiers and money lenders was obvious to the half-converted Frankish kings; the pernicious nature of their doctrines was no less obvious to the half-civilized Frankish bishops; and hence the continual struggle of the Church and State that we find in the records of the old Gallic councils. The Church at last prevailed; and Chilperic, who had admitted his Jewish financier to friendly intimacy, at last consented to issue an order of baptism to all the Jews of his kingdom:—

"Yet the baptismal waters (says Gregory of Tours*) washed in many cases the body only and not the heart; liars towards God, they returned to their first faith; so that they were seen at once observing the Sabbath and honoring the Lord's day."

Pope Gregory's notions of conversion were strikingly different:—

"If a Jew be converted (he writes†) let his dues be lessened by one-third. It is not inexpedient to lessen their burdens and so draw them to Christ; and even if the fathers are hypocrites, the children will be sincere. Stir them up by constant preaching (he writes to Theodorus, bishop of Marseilles); let the love of their teachers be the inducement to change their life."

* *Hist. Franc.* vi. cap. 5.

† *Ep.* v. 8.

Again, when the Jews of Naples had been disturbed in their feasts :—

“What good (he asks) can it do us to persecute them? Will they be converted thus, sooner than by kindness and exhortation? Let them have full liberty to observe all the feasts and holy days which their fathers have held for many generations before them.”

Gregory, like Theodorice, was a true heir to the wise tolerant spirit of the Roman Empire. Another such representative we find in Charlemagne. Wise and strong, gifted with an eye to pierce far into history behind and before, with an arm to conquer and a brain to organize, Charlemagne accepted and wielded well the tools that his age supplied. We should not look for bigotry in such a man. He deserved, indeed, the crown that Pope Stephen gave; for he strengthened and built up the structure of the Church; he confirmed her possessions in the South; he enlarged her border in the North: the massacre of Paderbörn attests the sincerity of his faith and the energy of his apostolic labor. But the Church was his instrument—not his mistress; and, for his political purposes, it was not his only instrument. The worth of culture and intellectual training, he, head warrior of the Franks, unable to write, fully recognized; and whatever fuel could shed light and warmth on the rank and energetic growths of feudalism, he gleaned from every quarter. Catholicism must, indeed, prevail over the soil of the Western Empire; the Saxons must be baptized or die: but his practical insight feared no danger for the Faith from the unobtrusive worship of the Synagogue. He saw, too, the invincible tenacity of the Jewish character: and he would not reject their learning, their financial and medical skill; he would not underrate the industrial and acquisitive instincts with which Jewish commerce might leaven an age of brute force, modify by wealth and luxury the destructive military spirit, and compensate for the stationary tendencies of the system of landlordship destined thenceforward to prevail. In his reign, and those of his successors, Jews flocked to his court; Jews became royal physicians; a Jew was sent as chief of the well-known mission to Haroun, calif of Bagdad, and, returning after four years with a Persian and Egyptian embassy loaded with splendid oriental gifts, was again sent back, to remain, it is probable, as a trustworthy

channel of intelligence of the revolutions, the perils, and the promises of the falling empire of Byzantium.

But it was in Provence and Languedoc that was their chosen sojourn. They thrived well in that southern half-oriental soil, ancient meeting-ground of Semitic and Indo-German races. Thither it was they brought from Sicily, from Constantinople, from Alexandria, from Damascus, their spices, their silken and woollen tissues, and other products of the gorgeous East; and up the Rhone, and down the Seine, the Meuse, and the Rhine, they changed their costly wares for the slaves with which they supplied the markets of Italy and Spain. Crafty, tenacious, unwearied monopolists of trade and of currency, among warriors eager for magnificent display, and simple as children in the arts of commerce, their gains were immense; and many charters are extant, signed by the Carolingian emperors, granting them rich possessions, houses, large tracts of forest land, meadow and pasture, watermills, oliveyards and vineyards, in the sunny regions of the Rhone Valley and the Langue d'Oc, the happiest resting-place they ever found in Christendom.* From Barcelona to Marseilles, at Beziers, Montpellier, Lunel, Narbonne, Beaucaire, synagogues were built and rabbinical schools were filled. But Lyons—the greatest, perhaps the oldest of the Gallo-Roman towns—was the centre of their commerce. There it was that the contact of Jew and Christian was most close and friendly. They were seen at one another's banquets; they intermarried; Christian servants lived in Jewish households; the market-day was changed to suit their Sabbath; they appeared at Christian festivals, and exposed eloquently, and—so their enemies confessed—successfully, the tenets of their faith. Their sermons were preferred often to those of the Christian clergy, and many proselytes were made. In vain did Agobard, the archbishop, complain, argue, and denounce. His long controversial treatises upon the *Insolence of the Jews*, upon *Jewish Superstitions*, are extant, as well as the bitter reproaches of his letter to Louis le Debonnaire.

“The Jews (he says) have shown me a letter forbidding the baptism of Jewish slaves. This letter was signed with your name, sealed with your ring, but that it was yours, I can hardly bring myself to believe.

* *Hist. Gen. de Languedoc*, vol. i. p. 322.

The Jews, in consequence have broken out into insults and even threats; it is whispered that they are not so hateful in your eyes as might be supposed; nay, the lie (for lie doubtless it is, though simple men believe it) is circulated, that you love them for the patriarchs' sake, and reverence their law; that you purchase their wines, that you attend their banquets: they forge (forged of course they are) charters in your name licensing new synagogues; they display rich robes presented to their wives by the ladies of your court. I know full well how perilous my words are—how Christ is betrayed as of old, and delivered over again for money to the same wicked race."

No attention was paid to this letter; and Agobard, on repairing in person to court, was refused an audience—a refusal which may have sharpened his zeal, when in later years he bore so active a part in the rebellion of the sons of Louis against their father. Such was the position of the Jews under the Carolingian Empire. But that empire, founded as it was upon the traditions of the past, typical of the European unity of the future, passed suddenly from the eyes of men. And with it passed away for centuries that tolerant, practical, far-sighted policy that so constantly accompanies wide reach of power. Its decomposition disclosed the feudal system. That system, necessary stage in the progress of modern society, was fatal to the Jews. For concentrated imperial power were substituted local, isolated, provincial governments. In the Catholico-feudal states, reverence for superior worth, recognition of the manhood of the laborer, respect for woman, were felt, feebly indeed, but as they had never been felt before; a higher development was marked by a more complex arrangement of classes—baron, priest, burgher, and serf knew their place, and filled it. But in that society, whoever found no place, was crushed as between two millstones,—and the Jew found no place; for none could find it but he who could point to some spot of land as his fixed home and habitation,—and the Jew had none such. Driven from his fair possessions in the South, or reduced to be their tenant with what profits his master did not snatch—driven from the court at Paris, which ceased for a time to be the centre of enlightenment and power,—driven from honest trade by the burghers, who enrolled themselves into guilds from which the Jew

was eagerly and rigidly shut out,—he became the property, the tool of the baron on whose soil he chanced to be found; and his only chance of existence was to accept his position of servitude, and become an instrument of legal plunder in the hands of his owner; dividing with him the usurious interest that he extorted from the hapless artisan who had pledged his scythe or anvil, taking in pawn the sacramental plate of a licentious priest, or the blood-stained clothes brought by highway robbers. The equivocal position of usurers is that which the Jewish nation thenceforward assumes; and the mediæval notions upon usury rendered this position a source of enormous gain, but a source, too, of frightful misery and of national demoralization.

A few words upon these mediæval notions. That money should be given for the use of money, seemed to Greek philosophers as well as to mediæval priests to involve the monstrosity that gold had in itself a self-multiplying power—it was "a breed of barren metal."* Usury—and moderate interest was of course logically not distinguishable from usury—was contrary to the nature of things and therefore unjust. From that confusion of the relations of currency to wealth which has hardly yet ceased to darken our modern social theories and legislation, they did not see that money, having intrinsic value, representing capital, was an instrument of production, and that compensation should be given for its use, as for that of other instruments. Payment for the loan of an ox for a year was not considered by them to involve the principle of payment for the loan of the price of an ox for a year. With us, bankers stand highest in the commercial scale; because the merchandize in which they deal—money—is of the most available and universal application; consequently their influence is as great in the political as in the purely commercial sphere. It is unnecessary to spend words in proving that Jewish money-lenders, in mediæval as well as in modern times, rendered a positive service to society. But for that service they were repaid with detestation, as men who fed and fattened on the wants and miseries of others.

* *Merchant of Venice*. This idea runs through the whole play. The horror with which Shakspeare's audience looked at "Shylock," is somewhat modified for modern readers.

Yet the whole case has not yet been stated. False opinion not seldom works out its own foundation. To the strong beliefs of those around him, no man is invulnerable. Conscience may be falsely scrupulous, but if the scruple be swallowed, the moral nature suffers. And thus it was that the belief that usury was degrading did in fact degrade and deprave the usurer. The spirit of trade is pernicious both to buyer and seller, when neither of two causes modifies it: free competition, that identifies the interests of one with those of all; or some moral principle, whether religious or philanthropic, influential enough to restrain the full satisfaction of the acquisitive appetite. Now, free competition in the tenth and eleventh centuries there was none; the whole monetary system was in Jewish hands. With the perfect mutual understanding that bound them together from Spain to Scotland, and by the machinery of letters of credit, which it is their honorable boast to have invented, they were enabled to secure the transference of great sums to any point where the needs of the borrower offered the richest field for gain. The Lombard usurers were expelled from France more rigidly than the Jews; and thus a competition which might have ennobled their trade by limiting its gains, either was not felt at all, or was speedily extinguished.

It is needless to say that the other restraining cause was absent. Modified by moral causes the spirit of trade indeed was; the union of revenge with avarice doubled the strength of both. The Jew felt himself, and doubtless exulted in the feeling, to be a cancer in the side of his enemy; nor did he need the stimulating precedent of the spoiled Egyptians to trample on the luckless Christian, prostrated by calamities like those of Antonio. And thus the interminable war went on. Driven by extortion to extort, goaded by the hatred of the surrounding world to make extortion an instrument of vengeance, the Jew struck his blow stealthily and in the dark, but yet with foolhardy boldness, since it was so easily required. Fastening on his victim, some one who had jeered him many a long year ago, who had pointed to the badge upon his breast, or headed the mob that chased him back to his quarter, reaching him at last, and entangling him in the meshes of debt closer and closer, his heart thrilled as he saw him vanish behind the prison door, a Chris-

tian thrust by Christians into a dungeon at a Jew's command. The sweet revenge was dearly bought. For the mother of the prisoner's starving children, brooding over her sorrows and shaping them into a lie, went to the priest or magistrate and told how, in the Holy Week, on Thursday, she left her child playing in the house, that returning in an hour, she found him not. That her neighbors had seen him straying near the Jew's door; that if his house were searched, a fearful and hellish deed might be laid bare. And when the house was searched, the child's body was found, his side pierced, his hands and feet marked with nails, concealed somewhere in the house, but placed there by no Jewish hand. Or she would confess that for a great sum she had brought the sacramental wafer to the Jew's door; that she had seen him pierce it through and through with malignant yells; that great drops of blood had gushed out; that he had then thrown it into a boiling cauldron, and watched with a sneer the motions of agonizing life.

Such were these two strange fables: they are repeated in almost every chronicle of the middle ages that I have seen; the time and the place varies in each; the story is the same. It was probably fastened at one time or another upon every Jewish settlement in Europe. In the annals of Placentia (A.D. 1447)* the story may be found more fully told than elsewhere. Circumstantial details of the crucifixion of the boy are given. The mother's evidence is just as I have given it. For this all the Jews of Trent were imprisoned; eventually "some were pilloried, some torn to pieces, others exposed to dogs and wild beasts." Chaucer tells the same tale of "Hugh of Lincoln." The stabbing of the host was the pretext for their expulsion from France in 1306.

Some have thought that at one time or another there must have been a basis for these charges. Some witches have doubtless been guilty of real witchcraft: it is possible that the shadow of the calumny may have been followed by the substance of the crime. All that I can say is, that every tale I have examined breaks down utterly in evidence. The fact or fiction has survived the middle ages. It was revived in Damascus twenty years ago, with frightful results; nay, even in Europe Juliers in 1840. The tale was then met by

* *Muratori*, vol. xx.

stringent laws of evidence, and was utterly shattered; and the perusal of the modern police report fortifies the mediæval student with impenetrable scepticism.

From the position of the Jews in popular estimation, let us pass to their relations with the governments, beginning with France. A series of statutes, ranging from the twelfth* to the fourteenth century, on this subject, is to be found in the *Ordonnances* of the French kings. Philip Augustus, at his accession, found the Jews mortgagees of one half of Paris.* The rate of interest varied from 50 to 100 per cent. Every class seemed equally involved: knights had pawned their horses, their armor, their family estates; monasteries had pawned their plate;† laborers "their ploughshares, their oxen, the wheat just reaped;" and we find special statutes prohibiting the Jew from dealing with the poorer classes who had no inheritance to fall back upon. The course adopted by the king was summary and simple. All debts due to the Jews were declared void,—all lands that they might be occupying, confiscated; he himself was to have one-fifth of the spoils; the Jews were to leave France. But the wars in Normandy and Flanders drained Philip's purse; the Jews repeatedly petitioned for re-admittance, and under payment of a large sum of money they were recalled. This instance is a fair type of the usual procedure. The Jews were used by the kings as "a sponge," to use Mr. Hallam's expression. When the drain became excessive, the thicker growth of slanderous tales of Child-murder and Stabbing the Host announced the popular discontent; at these symptoms the order of expulsion was issued; popular indignation was satisfied, and was blind to the fact that the sponge yielded part or the whole of its contents into the exchequer.

One king, indeed, there was whose ideas were regulated by religion rather than by policy. The regulations of St. Louis upon the Jews are characteristic of his peculiar nature. "For the salvation of his soul, of the soul of his father, and of all his ancestors," he acquits all Christians of a third part of their debts to the Jews. "Henceforth no debts shall be contracted. The Jews shall cease from all usury, and live by the work of their own hands." He was induced by

the clergy to insist on their wearing a distinctive badge: a round piece of saffron cloth on their upper coat before and behind, a palm in breadth; and if any find a Jew without this mark, let him take his coat for himself; and let the Jew be fined a sum not exceeding ten pounds, to be set apart for pious uses." The Lateran council of 1215 insists strongly on this mark or *rouelle*, to prevent the monstrosity of intermixture and intermarriage of Jew and Christian. The purely religious character of St. Louis' motives is seen in a proclamation in which he speaks of the property of certain exiled Jews which had come into his hands: he could not rest till he had restored it to the former owners, and thus removed the weight from his conscience ("talem scrupulum de nostrâ conscientia").

But St. Louis stood alone in his motives. Philip the Fair carefully protected the Jews against the Church till they were full of money, and then expelled them (A.D. 1306). In 1360, they purchased their re-entrance of the government, then exhausted by the English wars. The terms are curious. They are to remain only twenty years; they may live where they please; buy houses and lands to an unlimited extent: they are exempt from all ordinary courts of law, from all feudal tolls except ground-rent, from all seizure of property for royal purposes, from challenge to single combat, from attendance at Christian sermons; indemnity is promised for all offences previous to their exile. The limits of usury are fourpence per pound per week,—that is, 85 per cent. per annum. For these privileges every Jew is to pay "for himself and his wife fourteen gold-pieces of Florence of good lawful weight." For every other member of his family, child or servant, one florin two groschen; this as entrance money, and nearly the same sum yearly. In 1374, we find a prolongation of residence has been granted: this is further extended for ten years, on payment of 3000 gold francs. In 1394, we find them expelled from France; and this time they did not return. Whether the rivalry of the Italian merchants ousted them, or whether Flanders and the German cities offered better markets, or whether Spain, thinned by the dreadful massacres of 1391, found room for them, does not appear: but we hear little more of them in France till modern times.

* Jost, vi. 263, quotes Rigord in proof of this.

† See Jocelyn's *Memoirs*; Camden Society.

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Let us pass to the Jews of England. "Among other grievances (says Holinshed) which the English sustained by the hard dealing of the Conqueror, this is to be remembered, that he brought Jews into this land from Rouen, and appointed them a place to inherit and occupy." The wild, un-reverent humor of William Rufus revelled in the quaint contrast of the Jewish and Catholic belief and ritual; and, to the terror of his clergy, he insisted upon pitting one creed against the other in the field of argument, announcing his intention to adopt the faith of the victorious champion. "The contest actually took place (says William of Malmesbury), with much apprehension on the part of the bishops and clergy, fearful through pious anxiety for the Christian faith. From this contest, however, the Jews reaped nothing but confusion; though they used repeatedly to boast that they were vanquished not by argument but by force." This is exceedingly probable. Once a Jew complained to the king that his son had gone over to Christianity; he offered the king sixty marks if he would compel him to return to the faith of his fathers. The son was instantly summoned into the royal presence, and ordered to renounce baptism. "Your majesty is pleased to jest." "Jest with thee, thou son of filth! obey forthwith: or, by the Face of Lucca, thine eyes shall be torn out." The convert, however, remained firm; and the disappointed father had to content himself with the recovery of thirty of his marks.*

The employment of Jews as an engine of taxation was far more thoroughly and systematically carried out in England than in any other country. Money must be had to carry on the government; the Norman barons were not men to tolerate "benevolences" or other form of direct taxation; by the Jewish money-lender the king attained his end with far less odium and far more profit. Their letters of credit, and the perfect freemasonry that united them with their brethren of the Continent, enabled them to assume the entire direction of the currency. The relations of this, the sole banking interest of the time, with the exchequer are highly curious. "It is well known (says William of Newburgh) that the Jews are the royal usurers." But it was not till the reign of Henry II. that the

control of their affairs absorbed the care of a special office of state. The Scaccarium Judaismi, or Exchequer of Jewry, was the name of this office: it was a branch of the general Exchequer; but it was managed by its own justiciaries (at first both Jew and Christian, afterwards Christian only) who enjoyed all the immunities of barons of the Exchequer; it had branch offices in the chief cities of the realm, and a numerous service of clerks and treasurers. Every sum lent by a Jew was registered, and a copy of the register placed in the parish church, under the charge of a mixed commission of Jews and Christians. These chests were never to be opened except in the presence of the Sheriff of the county. At certain periods, as, while a crusade was in preparation, when money was urgently wanted, and infidels were more than usually odious, the king unlocked these chests, and constituted himself the creditor. Such wholesale confiscation was not resorted to, we may suppose, except when the Jews were unable to exact their own debts, or to pay the tallages, fines, and amerciements which were of course laid upon them at the royal discretion. If a Jew could not pay his tallage, the debt fell to his heirs, and in their default, on the Jews of his city; if these were insolvent, the debt was chargeable to the Jews of the whole realm. Thus we find the "Jews of England owe 5525 $\frac{1}{2}$ marks in the matter of the debts of Jorvet of Norwich." King John orders the Jews of England to be imprisoned till they should have paid 66,000 marks. Nevertheless care was taken that these taxes should not weigh so heavily as to defeat their own object. We meet with several instances of writs to cancel debts due from the Jews to the crown; e.g. in the case of Belda, Jewess of Gloucester, "inasmuch as nothing was left to her to live upon, and nevertheless her sons and daughters were kept in prison." They were, in fact, the private property of the king; "living instruments" of his revenue; carefully protected by his government, unless in cases where exceptional necessity on his part or obstinacy on theirs made it necessary to bear upon them with unusual weight; not serfs bound to the soil, but slaves of the highest value, to whom to allow free action in the acquisition of wealth was the needful condition of reaping the fruit of their labor. There is a writ of Henry III.

* William of Malmesbury, *Hist. of Kings* (Stevenson's edition), c. 315.

in which, in payment of a debt to his brother Richard of Cornwall, he assigns and makes over to him, "All my Jews of England." The "Jewish Charter" of the same reign is no less significant:—

"Let no Jew remain in the land unless he do service to the king. As soon as any Jew is born, male or female, let him serve us in one way or other. Let them live in no towns but such as are appointed for them. But in these let them go about with their goods as they please, being as they are *things belonging to us*, no man hindering them. And let them be free from all customs, and tolls, and wine-measurings, *for they are our chatels*; wherefore we enjoin and bid you defend and maintain them."*

The purely political view taken of the Jews by the English government is very significant of the subordination of Church to State, which is so dominant a feature in our history. Elsewhere the clergy would have protested against a complete recognition and systematization of usury. But we find not a single Anglican council touching either on this or on the toleration of the Synagogue worship. Regulations indeed were made to prevent their coming into collision with the people. Their psalms were to be sung "in a low voice that no Christian might be scandalized." No meat was to be eaten in Lent. No disputation or detraction from the Faith was to be tolerated. Till Henry II.'s reign London was the only place where they might bury their dead. These rules were no more than sufficient—sometimes terribly insufficient for the purpose. A fearful proof of this is the well-known massacre of York,—one which stands out blackly even on the gloomy field of Jewish history, and which is so true a sample of the terror that hung from a hair over their heads from day to day; of the mixed hatred, fear, contempt and avarice, that heaped and gathered round them silently, at the first spark ready to explode.

Henry II., for whatever reason, had shown the Jews marked favor. "The Lord (says a Jewish writer) † delivered them by his hand; for the heart of kings is in the hand of the Lord; and he took not from them from a thread even to a shoe-latchet." Such favor

* These, with many other documents relating to the Scaccarium Judaismi, are to be found in *Madox's History of the Exchequer*. The Russian mercantile serfs offer the nearest parallel.

† *The Chronicles of Rabbi Josef, ben Joshua, ben Meir*. Oriental Translation Society, 1835.

was fatal. On King Richard's coronation, a Jew mixing in the crowd that pressed on the threshold of the hall where the king held banquet with his barons, was struck and jostled by the crowd for his insolence in daring to be seen outside his door on such a day. It was instantly spread about, and it was gladly believed, that the king himself, in atonement for his father's criminal concessions to the infidels, had ordered their extermination. They were chased back to their quarter by the rabble of London, joined soon by the citizens of London, and by the mass of spectators from the provinces. From three o'clock in the afternoon till sunset of a summer day the roar of the crowd grew loud and louder. But Jewish houses were strongly built, and there was no entrance till night came and unseen hands could throw fire upon the roofs. Then the flames at once laid open and lighted up the path to plunder. All but a very few had to choose between fire and the sword; yet not wholly unavenged, for the fire spread far and wide through Christian streets, and the swords of the plunderers were often turned against themselves. Meanwhile, from the king's banquet-hall were sent Ranulf of Glanville, and other men of rank and office: but the crowd were long before they saw or heard them; and their only answer was a scornful cry to go back whence they came, and that speedily. It was high daylight before the crowd scattered from the smoking embers, satiated and perfectly secure from punishment. "Marked by such unexampled Providence (says the chronicler) and so strengthening to Christian confidence, was the first day of King Richard's reign."

The great crusade came; and Richard, before starting, laid down express law to guard "his Jews" from outrage; yet, even before he left England, frightful massacres had taken place at Lincoln, Stamford, and Lynn. But the men of York waited till the king was beyond seas. The Jews of York lived, we are told, in the centre of the town in splendid houses, and appeared in public with the luxury and pomp of kings.* It had been a terrible thing for insolvent debtors to fall into their hands. A body of armed men, nobles and citizens who had pawned their estates,

* "Ædificaverant in medio civitatis domos amplissimas, regalibus conferendas palatiis; . . . cultu fastuque pæne regio procedentes, et duram in eos, quos usuris oppresserunt, tyrannidem exercentes."—*William of Neuburg*.

crusaders soon to be out of reach of law and within reach of absolution, attacked the house of Benet, the chief Jew of York, with crowbars, plundered it, and slew his wife and children. Warned in time, five hundred flew to York Castle, carrying their gold with them: it was the king's gold, they cried; and entrance was granted. All who were left behind were massacred. Soon the Warden of the Castle, returning from a journey, unaware of what had taken place, demanded entrance; and the Jews, either not knowing or not trusting him, refused it. He complained to the sheriff, and the sheriff shared his indignation, and listened to the outcries of the rioters. It was treason to seize the royal castle—treason not of Christians, but of Jewish dogs. The fatal word of permission escapes his lips; in a moment he would have recalled it, but in that moment armed masses from the city and from the country were thronging to the castle. But armed men not their only leaders, for priests had joined their ranks; and far in advance, robed in white, strode a hermit of the neighborhood, famed for zeal and holiness, with passionate voice and gesture goading them to the onset. Every morning, for the siege lasted several days, he performed mass, and reminded his audience that they were doing God's work, and sweeping from the earth the rebellious foes of Christ. At length, in his foolhardy fury, blind to the stones that were showered from the walls, he fell, the first and the last; for battering-rams had now been made, and the besiegers, certain of victory, spent that night in merriment. The Jews meanwhile were perishing with hunger; and as they sat down that evening, silent or muttering prayers, face to face with death, an old rabbi who had come from beyond the seas to spread the knowledge of the law among his brethren of England, who received him as a prophet, spoke thus:

"God, to whom none may say, Why dost thou so? has now laid it before us to die for his law. Death, as ye see, stands at the door; unless ye rather choose for this short life to desert God's law, and live on the alms of the wicked in the deep shame of apostasy. Let us, then, like men, choose death; and death not at the hands of a laughing enemy, but in its most honorable and painless shape—a free surrender of life to Him that gave it. Let those stand apart who will not follow my counsel."

Many stood apart; many were true to their name and faith: they set fire to the castle, casting their splendid eastern robes into the flames, hiding such wealth as could not be destroyed. A Jew named Jocen then killed his wife Amia and his sons. Then, when all the women and children had fallen at the feet of their husbands and brothers, and the last and boldest of them had turned his hand upon himself, the wretches who were afraid to die appeared on the walls at dawn, shrinking from the flames behind them, told the tale, and dropt down some of the corpses in proof. "These wicked men (they said) have ended their wicked lives in self-slaughter; to us affliction has taught wisdom; we long for baptism, and for the faith and peace of Christ." The crowd pitied, but Richard Malabeste and his crew were not to be cheated of their prey: all was promised if they would open the gates; but as soon as they had crossed the threshold, they found themselves hemmed in by murderers. These proceeded to the Minster, wrested from the vergers the keys of the Jewish chest, and burnt the documents in the nave. This done they fled as soon as might be, some to Scotland, some to the Crusades. The tale reached Richard in France: furious at the loss of revenues, and stirred, I believe, by nobler feeling also, he ordered William des Longchamps to hold a court of inquiry in the city. Fines were laid upon the wealthier citizens; but to no single man was guilt brought home.*

Henry III. made an effort to convert the Jews. A "*Domus Conversorum*," or Refuge for Converts, was built in "*Neue-streete inter vetus templum et novum*." Edward I. for a time continued these efforts, promising converts one half of their property, and even that the rest should be applied to their support of their poor. But it was probably the jealousy of the middle classes that cut short these mild measures. In 1287 we find them imprisoned, and three years afterwards expelled. The honor of having readmitted them belongs to Cromwell.

I have but little space to speak of the Jews of Germany, whose history is more dreary

* This narrative is taken from William of Newburgh, a contemporary, and who, if not an eyewitness, seems to have taken great pains to arrive at accurate detail. Applauding the massacre at London, he bitterly reproaches those who denied mercy to Jews who had asked for baptism.

than all, more continuously marked with blood. Strong central power, whether of Church or State, was, we have seen, the Jews' best hope. But in Germany no such central power existed. The Empire, for the longest periods of German history, was but a name; and when the emperors were strong, their strength was wasted against Rome or Lombardy. From the Roman Emperors,—from Theodoric, from Charlemagne, from the Norman kings, the Jews, as we have seen, had little to fear.

The popes almost invariably protected them. But in Germany they were left to the covetous and jealous caprice of the city corporations—to the stupid ferocity of the feudal barons—to the inflammable bigotry of a mystic and witch-ridden peasantry. The names of a hundred and ninety-six cities are recorded as having contained Jews. We hear of no persecution till the time of the Crusades. Their religion flourished; rabbinical schools were set up; a stately synagogue with painted windows was built at Cologne, and the celebrated Kalonymos of Rome taught amongst them for many years.

But the Crusades came, and we have seen already what the Jews had to expect from Crusaders.

"In that season (says the chronicler of Trèves) a great multitude, both men and women, from every land and nation, went their way to Jerusalem, panting with their whole heart for the love of God and the Faith, either to suffer death, or to trample on the necks of unbelievers. Inflamed with this desire, they determine first of all to visit the Jews in the cities and castles where they dwelt, and compel them to believe in our Lord Jesus Christ, or else forthwith to put them to death. And when, heated with this passion, they were drawing near Trèves, the Jews of that city, knowing what would be done to them, took their children and thrust knives into their bodies, saying, that lest they should become a mockery to the raging of the Christians,—it were better to send them into Abraham's bosom. And some of their women, climbing above the banks of the river and filling their bosoms with stones, threw themselves headlong into the deep."

Imagine this to have taken place, as it probably did, in every great city of Germany. In Mayence, a thousand are slain; in Spire and Worms, the bishop's castle opens to them and is besieged by the crusaders:—

* *Historia Trevirensis, Dacherii Spicilegium*, vol. ii. p. 219.

"They oppress us and compass us about (says the poet Kalonymus of Mayence), they kill and slaughter us, but all the faster are we bound to Thee. That we may learn their worship, that we may forget the Living God, therefore they strike us; they lay snares to catch us, that we may turn aside from Thee to their defiling waters and to the service of Baal. Our noble women force themselves to offer up their children for a sacrifice; our fathers slay their sons and spare not their own life; to glorify Thee, the only God, the young and beautiful yield themselves to death. "Hear, O Israel!" cry the bridegroom and the bride with their last breath—united in their lives, and in the death of sacrifice not divided."

In the Second Crusade, Bernard, Abbot of Clairvaux, came forward to deliver them:

"We have heard (he writes to the clergy of Eastern France) how zeal for God boils within you, and we rejoice to hear it; but the calmness of wisdom must not be wanting. The Jews are not to be persecuted, are not to be slaughtered, are not even to be banished. Search the Scriptures; God hath showed me, says the Church by the mouth of the Psalmist, that thou shouldest not slay them, lest at any time my people forget. They are living pillars to you, representing the passion of the Lord. They bear witness to our redemption, whilst they pay the penalty of their fearful guilt. Yet in the evening they shall be brought home, and when the multitude of the nations has entered in, then shall all Israel be saved."

He proceeds bitterly to reproach Rudolf the priest, who has begun the outbreak:—

"Art thou greater (he asks) than the chief of the Apostles, to whom it was said, Put up thy sword into thy sheath? Art thou he that will make the prophets lie—that will empty the treasures of the mercy of Christ? Thou art as thy master, who was a murderer from the beginning—a liar, and the father of it."

Jewish annals are not ungrateful to Bernard:—

"God (says Rabbi Joseph) sent after this Belial, Bernard from Clairvaux, a city which is in Tzarphath (France), and they hearkened unto his voice, for he was exalted in their eyes; and they returned from their burning wrath, and ceased to do evil as they had devised. And he took no ransom of Israel, for he spake good of Israel in his heart. If it had not been for the compassion of the Lord that He had sent this priest, there would none have remained of them. Blessed be he that ransometh and delivereth! Amen."

Monotonously multiplying the scenes of Trèves and York by the number of cities inhabited by Jews, we might arrive at an adequate view of the extent of their sufferings, were it not that such monotony, overstraining our pity, defeated its object. After such explosions came intermissions, and then renewed onsets. The mania of persecution spread through the Continent like an epidemic, suddenly reached its height—suddenly ceased. Carefully following out the slight indications of the local German chronicles, we might discern, were there space to do so here, each successive wave of this sea of troubles, and the particular phase of public feeling which set it in motion. For the Crusades were not the only cause. The passionate exaltation of the crusaders was not so dangerous as the moral and religious panics with which the middle ages were often shaken. The thirteenth century was overshadowed by the terrible advance of the Mongolian race. True sons of Attila, Zinghis-Khan had swept Asia, from China to the Levant: Batou Khan had burnt Moscow, razed the cities of Poland, and was holding either bank of the Hungarian Danube. It was widely believed—so Matthew Paris tells us—that the Tartars were those Jews whom God once shut up in the Caspian Mountains at the prayer of Alexander the Great, and that they were conspiring with their brethren of Europe to take revenge on Christendom.* In 1320, Southern France received the shock of an army of peasant crusaders, known by the name of the Pastoureaux. Unable to reach Mahometans, it was on the Jews that their wrath fell. That year, or the next, came a frightful pestilence: it was universally believed, and we find it asserted in a letter of the King of France, that the Jews had kneaded the Sacramental Wafer with a hellish compound of poisonous herbs, human blood, and wine; with this they had poisoned the springs. Still more horrible, they had driven their lepers into the streams, “as plain facts and the lawful confession of the lepers themselves had laid bare.” Thus it was that men relieved their paroxysms of pain by paroxysms of falsehood and cruelty. Again, thirty years afterwards, the Black Death swept the two continents, from China to Britain.

* Matth. Paris, p. 564: A.D. 1241.

“In France, (says the chronicler), not one man in three survived. Swine and cattle roamed wild and dangerous about the country, and this pestilence seemed to many to have taken rise from the Jews having mixed poison with men’s meat and drink; and thus the destruction of the Jews was caused, for they were burnt or made away with almost throughout the whole of Germany.”

So the storm swept on; and we can but dimly and hurriedly glance at the varying shapes of death,—at that Jew of Costnitz, who had bowed his head for a moment to the “defiling waters” of baptism, went back to his house, set fire to it, and was seen at the windows shouting, “I die a Jew!”—or at those who clustered, on Christmas eve, in the wooden huts of an island of the Rhine, and burnt themselves alive,—or at the Jews of Strasburg, whom the magistrates shelter in prison: the town is in uproar: they are forced to lay down their office: three new magistrates are chosen by the mob; the prison doors are opened; and, on their own Sabbath, on a huge scaffold raised in their own burial-ground, eighteen hundred Jews were burnt together.

“How long, O God! how long?” is the sad unison of the psalmists of that time:—

“How they hewed our young children in pieces, and tore up the bodies from their graves! Wherefore, should the people say, Where is now your God?”

“How the Iniquity came in like a storm, and trampled under foot the Holy Writings? Wherefore, when need is round us, faileth us our mighty God?”

“How the swine brake in like a consuming fire to slay us! Wherefore, when the wicked man swallows up right, art thou silent, O Israel’s God?”

“How the lambs, at thy command, are given up to wolves! Why do we stand firm and thou seest us not, O all-seeing God?”

“How bitter is our bread, and our life is turned to gall! Wherefore callest thou not us to thyself, O God!”

“How are we scattered hither and thither and despised! When will the nights end, the nights of Thy sleep, O Lord God?” †

We must not altogether pass by the Jews of Spain. Taking up the thread of their history from the Moorish Conquest, we find them, as we should expect, honorably treated by the Saracens. But what is not so well

* *Chronicon Ethioense*. (Pertz, vol. xii.) an. 1349.

† Zunz, *Synagogale Poesie*, pp. 268-9.

known is, that high as their position was under the Saracen power, it was far higher in the kingdoms of Christian Spain. It was at the era when the Christian and Arabian cause were trembling in an equal balance, that Jewish culture attained its fullest and richest bloom. The Catholic princes eagerly welcomed those who fled to their cities from any Moorish persecution; for they were men who might be spies in the enemy's camp, and who brought wealth and wisdom to their own.

To this wise toleration the kings were incited by their clergy, and the clergy by the popes. We find, in a letter of Alexander II. to the bishops of Spain,—

"We were glad to hear that you protected the Jews from the armies which were overthrowing the Saracens. It may be that God has marked out for salvation those whom foolish ignorance or blind avarice lust to slaughter. It is right to fight against men who persecute Christians, and drive them from their country and home; but the Jews are everywhere ready to obey your rule; and as the blessed Gregory has said, it is most impious to slay men who, for their fathers' sins, are spared by the Divine mercy to live a life of exile and penitence."

Schevet Jehuda tells a story of a boy named Josef ben Ephraim, adopted by Alfonso VIII. for his musical talent, who became at last his treasurer and chief minister. This tide of favor turned: an anti-Jewish party is formed; Josef was imprisoned and ultimately put to death. But when a general measure of confiscation of Jewish property was proposed in council, it met with all but universal opposition. "It had been the constant custom of the kings of Castile to protect, nay, to love the Jewish race. Such policy would be most fatal,—not to the Jews, but to the king himself." They were subject to no authority but that of the king, whose direct interest it was to protect them from the people. They had their own civil and commercial jurisdiction; they were allowed to possess landed property; their oath was taken in courts of justice. That interest was only at 25 per cent is a sure sign of its comparative security. They filled high offices; financial, administrative, judicial. The Jewish mistress of Alfonso X. is well known; his astronomical tables, the work of Jewish astronomers, were an important step in the early history of modern science. Such was their position from the eleventh to the fourteenth century.

But, as the triumph of Christianity over the Crescent grew sure and surer, and the need of befriending the Jewish Mammon less urgent—as the middle classes thrived, and were able, in their Cortes, to give effect to the long-stored jealousy of commercial rivals,—it grew more and more difficult for the kings to shelter the Jews. Alfonso's mistress was killed, with the approval of the Church, in his own palace; and, all through the fourteenth century, many such incidents show the gathering tide of hatred. In 1391, the stream found vent in such a wholesale massacre as had not been seen in Europe. At Seville, the Archbishop of Toledo headed the onset in person. Of 7000 families there, but 3000 were left. In Cordova, Toledo, and seventy other cities, the same scenes took place.

"In those days (says Rabbi Josef), in the days of Eugenius the Pope, the destructions (baptisms) increased in Sphard (Spain), and Israel became very low. For there arose the priest Friar Vincent, from the city of Valencia, of the sect of Baal Dominic, against the Jews, and he was unto them a Satan; and stirred up against them all the inhabitants of the country. And those who were constrained to be baptized became numerous in the land of Sphard, and they put upon them a mark of distinction unto this day."

Two hundred thousand converts are said to have been made; Friar Vincent claimed 35,000 as his own share. And with these "New Christians," as they were significantly called, opens a strange page of history, ending in the revival of the Spanish Inquisition. But for a long time the reality or the utility of these conversions was believed in. Those who have read the histories of Catholic missions from Augustine to Xavier, know that to the Catholic priest the organization of a Christian society, whatever the sincerity of its individuals, was far more trusted to as a first step than the slow change of heart wrought in sincere converts one by one. This the Protestant cannot understand. For, from his point of view, the individual soul is all in all. But in Catholicism, the social and political aspect is far more important than the personal. The Church once organized, the Catholic trusts to the reactionary power of liturgies upon the nominal worshipper—to the powerful influences of social belief. "The children will be sincere," said Gregory, "even if the fathers are not."

The experiment of conversion, therefore, was

tried upon the Jews, and it utterly and totally failed. In the first place, their position in Christian society was a source of continual discussion. "If we admit them to public offices, we have gained nothing," said the mercantile classes. "If we exclude them," said the clergy, "what motive is held out for the rest to join us?" But as a religious experiment, the failure was even more complete. The fathers were nominal converts, and nominal converts the children continued to be. Ostentatiously they attended mass; but in their own houses their Sabbath was kept, their ritual was read, their psalms were sung. Meantime, intercourse and intermarriage with Christians became more fatally easy than it had been before. Shunned by the middle classes, they intermarried with the "blue blood" of the nobility, they entered the priesthood, and ascended the highest steps of the Catholic hierarchy. Nay, they became, more than once inquisitors, and wielded against their foes with cynical hatred the terrors of the Holy Office. Of the Inquisition there is no space to speak here; * sufficient to say that the "New Christians" were the chief cause of its institution, and that during the eighteen years that Torquemada held office, ten thousand persons were burnt alive.

But two-thirds of the Jews of Spain had remained unconverted; and with them the Inquisition had nothing to do; for they were under special laws and under royal protection. But Torquemada had not forgotten them. Working on the pride of Ferdinand, on the conscience of Isabella, he persuaded them to sign the celebrated Edict of Exile. They were to leave Spain in three months. They were to take neither silver nor gold with them. If it pleased God to change their hearts, the Church would most willingly receive them.

Ruinous alike to banisher and banished, this edict had cost a struggle. Isaac Abarbenel, wealthy, learned, high in royal favor, rushed into the queen's audience-chamber on

* The extent to which Judaism had spread among the upper ranks is strikingly shown by the fact that one of the first inquisitors, Peter Arbues, was assassinated by a conspiracy formed of the chief officers of the Arragonese Government, who were most of them, according to Llorente, of Jewish blood or connections. The Inquisition, however, was odious on other grounds, as a royalist institution, like our Star Chamber.—See Llorente's *Hist. of Inquisition*.

hearing what till then had been carefully concealed from his nation, threw himself at her feet, and doubtless won her over for the moment. To Ferdinand he offered 30,000 ducats. But, in the wavering of debate, Torquemada appeared suddenly. "Judas," he said, "sold his master for thirty pieces. Your Majesties, it seems, want thirty thousand. Here He is; take Him; and what ye do, do quickly!" Dashing a crucifix on the table, he left them. The omen was clear, and the die was cast.

To the Jews one road of deliverance was still left. To renounce the outward garb of their religion, never again to pass the threshold of a synagogue, never to chant a Hebrew Hymn nor keep a Hebrew Sabbath; to change every household custom, to break all the rules of life, dear from the nursery and clung to on the bed of death; to repeat a false creed, to enter an idolatrous temple, to kneel down with God's enemies;—this road was open, though treading it they would have trampled on their fathers' tombs. Yet, on the other hand, thousands had taken that course; and would tell them that strict adherence to the laws of the land they lived in, abstinence from all that might offend, performance of harmless superstitions, bowing down for a season in the house of Rimmon, that this was a course plainly marked out by Providence. The loss, too, that they would suffer in exile was immense; and we must estimate this loss before we can estimate the worth of those who chose to suffer.

We have seen the Jews of France leave it, enter it, leave it again, and count the value of their sojourn at exactly the price at which re-entrance could be bought. It was a market-stall, a field for acquisition; but it was not the seat of Jewish learning, it was not the resting-place of their fathers for many generations.

Now, Spain was something more to them than this. It was no foreign soil, passed and repassed with the indifference of a stranger. They had lived there for twelve hundred years. They had seen the Teutonic forest-creeds moulded and melted into the new faith of Rome. They had seen the Ishmaelite sweep that faith away. By him they had been welcomed as brothers. With him they had lit the lamp of science when all the world was dark. Then they had seen the Cross

rise from the northern mountains, and the Crescent wane and wane before it. By the kings of christian Spain their worth had been acknowledged: they had fostered their trade; they had called them to their councils; they had befriended and loved them. Persecution and jealousy had driven many of their brethren to accept another creed; but the new Christians were Jews still; they had married their daughters to the proudest nobles of a race where the peasant was proud; and not a duke in all Spain could despise them without despising his own mother's blood. Spain, too, was the land where Jewish wisdom had unfolded and blossomed. Their physicians and their astronomers were the first in Europe. Their poets and their philosophers were eminent among their nation. The psalms of Jehuda Halevi were sung in the synagogues of the Rhine. Aben Esra had eclipsed the fame of the great Eastern school of Pumbeditha; above all, Spain claimed the son of Maimon, the great prophet of the Exile, famed from the Seine to the Euphrates as the second Moses.

Such, besides escape from utter ruin, were the temptations to apostasy. And those who issued the decree fully hoped that apostasy would have been its result. Every means was taken. "In the public squares, in the synagogues, Catholic preachers thundered forth invective against the Hebrew heresy." They might thunder—they were not heard.

"Come (said their priests and elders), let us strengthen ourselves in our faith and in the teaching of our God, against the voice of the oppressor, and the scorn of the enemy. If they destroy us—well; if they will let us live—well: but we will not depart from the Covenant, neither make our hearts froward; but we will go forth in the name of the Lord our God, who saved our fathers from Egypt, and brought them through the Red Sea."

The spirit of Moses and of Joshua rested on the aged rabbis, and their words prevailed. Few in number and bold in cowardice were those who yielded. They made ready for this second Exodus where no Canaan glistened in the distance. Forced to sell their possessions in three months, forbidden to sell them for gold, they were glad to exchange large houses or estates for an ass or mule, or for such trifling articles of travel as the wish to be first at the spoiling might induce purchasers to supply.

* Abarbenel.

Eastward, westward, southward—to Africa, to Portugal, to Italy and the Levant,—half a million Jews went forth. Eighty thousand sought shelter in Portugal, but did not find it. Thousands fell into the hands of the barbarians of Fez. They were sold for slaves; they were left to starve on desert isles; their bodies, yet living, were ripped open for the hidden gold:

"And there were among them who were cast into the isles of the sea, a Jew and his old father, fainting from hunger, begging bread; and there was none to break unto him in a strange country. And the man went and sold his little son for bread, to restore the soul of the old man; and when he returned to his father, he found him dead; and he rent his clothes. And he went back to the baker to take his son; but the baker would not give him back; and he cried out with a sore and bitter cry for his son, but there was none to deliver. All this befel us in the year Rabbim (for the sons of the desolate are 'Many'), yet have we not forgotten thee, neither have we dealt falsely in thy covenant. Hasten to help us, O Lord! For thy sake we are killed all the day; we are counted as sheep appointed for the slaughter. Make haste to help us, O God of our salvation." *

Or listen to the chronicler of Genoa, who saw them as they drifted eastward:

"This expulsion (he says) seemed to me at first a praiseworthy act, done in the cause and for the honor of God. Yet, when we remember that they were not brute beasts after all, but men made by God, surely it must be owned that some little cruelty (*aliquantum crudelitatis*) was shown. Their woes were very piteous to see. The first who starved were the infants at the breast; then the mothers, carrying their dead children till they fell down and died with them. Many perished of cold and of squalor. Unused to the sea, countless numbers died from sickness; many were drowned by the sailors for their wealth; the poor, who could not otherwise pay their passage, sold their children. Lean, pale, with eyes deep-sunken, like ghosts from the dead, hardly moving enough to show that they were alive, they came into our city, to find shelter for three days; for our ancient laws forbade a longer stay. Yet for the repair of their ships, and for health's sake, a short respite was granted. They were allowed to live on the Mole, while they made ready for their long voyage eastward. Thus the winter passed, and many of them died. The spring came, and ulcers broke out that had been hitherto kept under by the

* Rabbi Josef.

cold; and all that year there was a plague in the city." *

Twice had Spain, in the sacred pride of creed, hurled against the Jews the terrors of the Church and State; and twice her own head bore a strong recoil of retributive disaster. If the Jews were a cancer in the life of Spain, the remedy was worse than the disease. If they were not—if to have signed the Edict of Exile was no spiritual sacrifice, to be tested and approved by a superhuman judge of right, but rather the foul cowardice of baneful superstition, sure and deadly has been the punishment. Not the less sure that it did not fall at once. Motion continues when the moving force is dead; and the struggling, painful, heroic life of mediæval Spain was still to bear its fruit in the splendid age of Ferdinand, of Charles, and of Philip; but the mainspring of her commerce was broken; and undazzled students of her history can point behind Italian victories and Mexican gold to the deepening fester of a long decay.

Thus the Jews lived in Europe. Amidst the young nations revelling in life and strength, clothed in a religion that satisfied their high imperfect cravings, intruded this worn, aged stranger, telling of an older creed. The parent returning to life and to his hearth, found himself forgotten and his place filled,—

"He crawled in the beam, like a pale lost dream,

That the noonday glare is shaming."

The swift fierce tide of progress sweeping by him—the falling empire, the barbarian kingdoms, the efflorescence of chivalry, the uprising of cities and cathedrals, the subtle babbling of the schoolmen, the hydra-headed growth of heresy,—were all hateful unrealities to him—were as the confused voices of the night, as the bewilderment of a dreary pageant. He had seen the birth of the European nations. He had stood by when Paris and London were built. The Catholic Church grew and crumbled, and Huss and Luther sounded the trumpet of its doom, and the Jew changed not. The Eternal Wanderer trod from city to city, from century to century, with the mark of Cain upon his brow, with a life that could not be touched, with no hope of death.

* Bartolomæus Senerega de Rebus Genuensibus; Muratori, vol. xxiv.

Yet not without hope of national reconstruction. So their own prophets sung; and such, I believe, is the conclusion to be drawn from the analogies of history. It has been said that Christian nations never die; that material power may pass away from them; that subjection to a foreign sword or civil discord, or the decay of faith and loosening of law, with all the other ills that nations are heirs to, may overwhelm them with a spiritual torpor that shall make their history a blank for centuries; and yet that they shall rise again. England was not robbed of her Saxon character by the Conquest; France in the fifteenth century, with her numbers halved by pestilence, lacerated by English and Burgundian wars, rose up to found her grand monarchy; Germany survived the massacres of the thirty years. Such historical facts have been applied to judgments of the future. There are few who doubt that Italy is destined soon to be rid of foreign domination, and to resume her place amongst the nations; nor does her corrupt government, her decayed faith, and an utter suspension of activity that has lasted for two centuries, preclude Spain from the same sure hopes.

But this attribute of permanence is not to be restricted to Christian nations. The old Roman stock, for instance, has never perished. Italian antiquaries will show us village festivals, agricultural tenures, municipal customs, that were old in Cicero's time. The language of ancient Italy still lives, if not in its literary form, yet in what is of far higher significance—in its popular dialect. Dante looked upon Virgil as a fellow-citizen. And the more carefully the documents of mediæval Italy are studied, the clearer does the continuity become between the republics of Lombardy and the colonies and municipalities of the empire.

The war of Grecian independence proclaims the same truth. Classical purism had made us forget that Greek, since Homer, has always been a spoken language; that the catena of authors is unbroken from the first Olympiad to the present day; and that all the vices and many of the virtues characteristic of the old Hellenic race grow still on the same Hellenic soil. All really great nations seem endowed with this privilege of immortality. Having once borne an important part in the historical evolution of society, they cannot decompose, like African or American tribes, into mere

subsoil for succeeding races. It is not merely that they hand down to posterity the products of their mental and material toil, their cultivated fields, their alphabet, and their poetry, —this nations of inferior worth can do; but they visibly maintain their place before posterity, degraded, it may be, but not deprived of birthright and holding still the germ of national reconstruction. No better example of this truth is to be found than the existence of the Jewish race since the fall of Jerusalem. For it is not an exception, as some have thought, to the general laws which regulate humanity: rather it is a well-developed case of their fulfilment. We are apt to strain the comparison between men and nations, and to take for granted that as the one so the other must have their appointed periods of decay and death. But perhaps this view would be altogether modified by a truer analysis of the social forces which act upon and which constitute a nation. These co-operating influences are of two kinds. There is, first, the co-operation of the actions and interests of all the living beings who at any given moment compose that nation; binding man to man, family to family, and co-ordinating private and selfish efforts to one social purpose. This *contrat social*, whether instinctive or voluntary, has been thought sufficient to explain the whole. But it is obvious that in this case, any external shock, any intestine war, by shattering this union for a moment, would shatter it forever. The molecules would have no more reason for reuniting in the same combination, than for agglutinating themselves to any other existing society. We must search further than contemporary association for the cause of national consistency. There is another kind of co-operation,—that of the present with all the past generations to whom is due, not life only, and the arts and luxuries of life, but opinion, character, faith, and law. *Οι παλαιοι*, was the strange and significant name by which the Greeks called the dead; the majority—a majority which carries all before it, which is continually increasing. Each century is the product of the combined past centuries. The formative influence of the past upon each generation that follows is a force which is as actual and real as the force of gravitation; it follows that, as time grows older, it augments with accelerating ratio. Every being that in the past millennia has been

gifted with a human soul, lives and works yet in restless activity, an unseen yet ever-present actor on this mundane stage. The toils of the past, its conquests, its creeds, its philosophies, endow each present time with the splendor of a royal heritage, and guide it with the stringency of a fore-ordaining fate. It is from considerations like these that we may hope partly to understand the gradual formation and the marvellous stability of national character. And it follows that such character will be the more stable, the higher the part that nation has had to play in the world's history. Vast material power, whether of conquest as the Saracen, or of commerce as the Carthaginian, territorial sway that the sun never sets on,—the nation that has these holds the balance of power for the time. But great men, great actions, a social and personal life founded on and bound together by deep religious feeling, these alone form that hereditary mould, that family likeness, that congenital cast of disposition, which grows strong with time, which stands the assaults of oppression, of exile, of moral degradation, and which holds in reserve (all the while) the germ of national new birth.

Yet the Jewish case, I shall be told, differs from other cases. They have been exiles, and not only exiles, but wanderers. They have been tied to no common soil, and yet they have kept their language and faith. They have been patriots without a patria. Some have compared the gipsies, who have been wanderers now for five centuries,—some have thought, that mediæval Greece, deluged with invasion many times a century, sustained as hard a trial. But the difference between these cases and the case of the Jews is considerable, though it is a difference of degree merely, and not of kind. It is to be explained, however, far more adequately by the social and historical influences just now indicated, than by an appeal to the external forces of soil and climate. That spirit of isolation which was at first forced upon them from without as a religious duty, at last spontaneously evolved itself as the most salient mark of the national character. If we were to rank races according to their sympathetic power, their capacity for assimilation of inferior types, or for acceptance of what is superior, the Jew would stand, perhaps, lowest on the scale. The Roman could conquer, and

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could assimilate what he conquered; the Gaul and Goth could recognize their superior, and be proud of the Roman name and tongue. But the Jew could neither spread civilization nor receive it. Yet that very incapacity gave him strength. Proud he was; not like the Greek—vain; but his pride was not that of the Roman sitting on the world's throne; nor was it the pride of intellect, nor yet the fiery-tempered honor of the feudal cavalier. It was a profoundly egotistic and sectarian feeling. A Volsian war breathed civil peace within the walls of Rome; but the factions of Eleazar, John, and Simon, raged as fierce as ever when the siege-towers of Titus had shattered their inmost wall. Their history, from Moses downwards, tells of stiff-necked rebellion, of fatal incapacity for obedience. Theirs was a granitic temperament, fetched from volcanic depths; and it issued from the hottest fire of persecution more intractable and adamant than before.

Of the exclusive favor of Jehovah the Jew never doubted. The facts of history were interpreted into concord with Judaism. The Roman nation was traceable, by direct descent, to Esau. Ishmael was, of course, the synonyme for Mahomet; and Christendom is rarely called by any other name than Edom.* It was for *their* sins and for *their* ultimate salvation that these old enemies were still permitted to plague them; and, though the temple were destroyed, and the elaborate series of sacrifices neglected, yet that, they would say, had been the case in the Babylonish captivity. He, to whom a thousand years were as one day, would pardon the inevitable default, whether for seventy years or for seven thousand. Yet, twice in the year, two feasts of less cumbrous ceremonies have been always held. The feast of Purim still fosters national hopes; the solemn day of the Atonement still calls back their national relationship to Jehovah.

We must not altogether pass by their intellectual exertions during the middle ages. They rivalled the schoolmen in metaphysics; they surpassed all but the Arabs in science. Without believing that twelve thousand students filled the Jewish schools at Toledo,† it seems highly probable that the Jews of that city in the thirteenth century could boast of more astronomers than were to be found in

the rest of Europe; and the astronomical tables which they compiled for Alfonso prove that these studies were not mere astrological daydreams. Medicine was their other favorite pursuit. The Jews of Spain and Provence supplied physicians to all the European courts, and to not a few of the popes.

Without entering into a discussion of their metaphysical writings, it is enough to point out their two distinct lines of thought. There was a system of orthodox scholastic theology. There was a system of pantheism that veiled itself under theological terms. The first was introduced into Spain in the tenth century, from the great Oriental school of Pumbeditha; it culminated in Maimonides, who lived in the latter half of the twelfth century. The second was the Cabbala, a system of theosophic pantheism which, from its influence over the hermetics and mystics of the sixteenth century, must not be passed unnoticed. Pico di Mirandola, Reuchlin, Postel, More, John Baptist Helmont, were Cabbalistic students. Of the vast mass of Cabbalistic writings, two books, the Zophar and the Ietzirah, are the kernel; and these books are believed by Franck,* the most recent and most critical writer on the subject, to have been compiled about the Christian era, from the writings of a school that, in the days of the Captivity, had drawn its inspirations from the Zend-Avesta. Certain it is that, under the modest guise of a commentary on the Pentateuch, and veiled often by monstrous allegories, is to be found a spiritualistic system singularly like that attributed to Zoroaster.† That God, as an all-pervading Spirit, is the prime and only true Substance; that of the eternal activity of such a spirit, the whole scale of being is the emanation; that matter is a lower form of mind; that evil is a lower form of good; that matter and evil are connected, as the lowest step, the shadow, the "outer husk or rind" (cortex) of existence;—such was the Cabbalistic solution, not widely different, perhaps, from that of modern pantheists, of the hopeless problems of creation and of moral evil.

But, after all, if we would find the full out-

* *La Cabbale; ou, La Philosophie Religieuse des Hebreux*; par Ad. Franck. Paris, 1843.

† Brucher says:—"Pone pro Mithra, Ensoph; pro Oronasde, Adam Kasmon; pro Ahrimano, Klippoth; et confer de utrisque philosophemata Zoroastris una et Cabbalistica, et manu palpabis unde Judei hæc hauserint." (ii. 1033.)

*Abarbenel, quoted in Basnage, vi. 6, 1.

† Depping, *Histoire des Juifs*, p. 348.

pouring of their inner spiritual life during these times of sorrow, we must seek for it in the psalmody of their synagogues. It was not till many centuries after the fall of Jerusalem that poetry or music entered into their services. A long extempore prayer, with a few ejaculatory responses, was the simple liturgy. Gradually these prayers fell into parts and proportions unconsciously established; at last sound asserted her sway, and rhymed hymns are found as early as the eighth century. The interweaving of Bible verses was of course an essential ingredient in these hymns, chanted often extempore by the leader of the service. At the close of the stanza, the expectant ear of the assembly was half surprised, half charmed by some passage of warning or promise given to their fathers 2000 years ago; and the strong full key-note summed and blended into one the varying emotions of the verse—pity and exultation, devotion and sullen hate.

These poems are full of sublime pictures of outward nature which recall, and that not by mere plagiarism, Isaiah, Job, and David. No Christian poet could ever realize, as the Jew realized, the beauty and the terror of nature to be the visible manifestation of the power of God:

"To Him sing the lips of all creatures.

From above and from beneath has His glory sounded.

The earth cries, There is none but Thee;
And the heavens, That Thou alone art Holy!
Majesty issues from the deep, and harmony
from the stars;

The day sends forth speech, and the night
singing;

The fire declares His name; the woods utter
melody;

The wild beasts tell of the exceeding greatness
of God."

A SPIDER-TANK.—A spider-tank is the last novelty, and likely to be the most popular one introduced. It should be furnished with a perforated glazed top, and be not less than ten or twelve inches high, formed upon a square base of some six or more inches. The one we have, says a correspondent of a contemporary, contains three dozen spiders, acting, like a body of ants, or like a hive of bees, under a chosen ruler, and the arrangement of the nest and the formation of the web have been the work of the most perfect subdivision of labor, each individual spider performing its allotted task, without interfering with that of its neighbor. The *Argyroneta Aquatica*, the diving water-spider, when isolated from its companions, builds a cup-like nest close to the top of the water, and

These poems are full also of what so strongly marks Jewish poetry from the poetry of other ancient nations—of the personal experiences, struggles, and aspirations of the soul.

Of more public and stirring themes there was no want. If the few simple tales of his heroic houses were enough for the Athenian dramatist, the Hebrew poet dealt with a tale of more absorbing interest—with the ever-present facts of his own national destiny. Poetry for the Jews was no spectacle, no amusement of the fancy, no splendid structure of the imagination;—it was the simple outburst of national hope and passion. The compass of their tones ranged from transcendental reverence to fiendish hate. They sang of the certain doom of the oppressor; and it lightened the miseries of time, to know that their revenge would be co-equal with eternity. They sang of aged teachers of the law, who had sealed a holy life and saved it from the "defiling waters" by a self-offered sacrifice. They sang of mothers who had slain their children—of children, "young rose-blossoms chosen by the Lord from his garden," who had prayed for death, lest they should be tempted to betray their faith; and this time they sang joyfully, for every life thus shed stored up forgiveness for themselves, and vengeance for their foes. They sang the sublime unity of their God, and the wonders that He had done for them; for they knew themselves the centre of the universe, the one spot in God's lost creation where He had deigned to set His foot; children in a strange unholy land, for whom their Father feared the poisonous air of friendship and prosperity; driven hither and thither, but floating in the sole ark of God, on the gloomy sea of the Dark Ages.

J. H. B.

the membrane which surrounds the body being transparent, when inflated with air, assumes the appearance of a glittering metallic substance. So charged, the spider descends to the bottom in search of prey, but frequently is itself devoured by fish before it reaches its destination. To guard against this, nature has taught it that unity is strength, and when acting together in a body, the web is so strong, and of such dimensions, that fish themselves are entrapped, and become food for the colony. The immense activity of the spider, continually ascending and descending, glittering and bright in its airy dress, makes it one of the most amusing additions to the *vivarium*, and the spider-tank guards it from the danger to which it is subject if placed within the general aquarium.

A WET DAY AT BRIGHTON.

WHEN London's growing dark and dull; the atmosphere with vapor rife,
So heavily consistent you might cut it with a paper knife;
When the mental air's so thick it sinks the spirits down to noodledom;
And Rotten Row is a morass, Belgravia a Boodledom;
When the head is heavy, the pulse is low, and at "muggy" the thermometer;
And the only thing that's lively is the hand of the barometer:
When for ball or dinner, vainly, your acquaintances you beat about;
And the lamplighter and linkman are the only men you meet about;
Defiantly you rush away, and take the train to Brighton, in
The hope, by change of scene and air, the intellects of lightening!

Bow! wow! wow!

At first you vote the place a bore, because you haven't got about
Your room a hundred useless things you do not care a jot about;
And it isn't for a day or two you manage to think of it less;
You want the bustle of the town you had pronounced so profitless,
Till, ceasing, by degrees, to miss each habit, aim, and haunt of you,
You give up wondering how the world at home gets on for want of you;
And, imitating folks around, resolve to make the best of 'em,
Become soon as industriously idle as the rest of 'em;
And to one thought devote yourself—you'll scarcely be too bright for it—
What'll you have for dinner, and, how best, to get an appetite for it!

Bow! wow! wow!

Then out you'll stroll to see if there is anyone you know, about—
You don't care who—you only want some one with whom to go about;
And chat with those amphibious men who want to go to sea with you—
A proposal you dissent from, for you know it won't agree with you;
You get your toes run over by Bath chairs, until you frown again,
And wish that man you owe a bill to would go back to town again;
On the tailors of the men you meet enjoy a quiet criticism
-m; Or listen to the nursemaids' objurations of their *missises*;
And conclude with a conclusion, that you won't be long a coming to,
That Ladies' faces do exist that Hats are not becoming to!

Bow! wow! wow!

Then you fancy that at breakfast you're beginning to be great, to-day;
And ask the waiter why on earth the *Times* should be so late to-day;
Then take a canter on the Downs, on horseback if so be you dare—
You may do it, for there's room enough for nobody to see you there—
Then shudder at the gale, at night, that makes some sad hearts weep again,
And sympathetically sigh—and turn—and go to sleep again!
All these are merely things of course! In these, there's nothing new to us;
It's merely change of scene and life; and much good may it do to us!
But there's something else, I think, that we must all agree together, to,
Although we bring our weeds from town, we needn't bring its weather too.

Bow! wow! wow!

—Chambers' Journal ALFRED WATTS.

THE SWEET-SEDGE.

BY THE LATE MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.

["In former days, the sweet-sedge (*Acorus calamus*) was used in the garlands hung in churches or dwellings. From time immemorial it has been used for strewing the floors of the cathedral of Norwich, and been thrown on some of the adjoining streets on the day of choosing the mayor of that city. When trodden on, its fragrance becomes stronger, and the old cathedral seems filled with incense."—ANNE PRATT'S *Plants of Great Britain*.]

Oh, river-side,

Where soft green rushes bear dark flowers,
And reedy grasses weave dark bowers,
Through which fleet minnows glide—
Oh, river-banks, let me from you convey
Something to scatter in yon ancient minster gray.

Oh, minster gray!

Where graves of friends beloved are found,
I come to thee with strewments.—Round
Each blade of grass, each spray
Of *Acorus*, a fragrant essence breathes,
Nature's own incense shed to sanctify these wreaths!

Oh, rushes green,

With blossoms wan or brown!—and ye
Sweet flags, from whose scent-roots to me
Come thoughts of the Has Been,
Ye are the fitting plants at eve to shed
A vague, mysterious perfume o'er the silent dead!

"Not so!—not so!"

A voice replies: "For joy alone
These reeds and rushes here are strewn!"

But I again cry: "Lo!

Joy's emblems here I fitly use, to prove
That life and death alike spring from God's holy love."

—Chambers' Journal.

From The National Magazine.

EBEN.—A TRUE STORY.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER I.

"Now, mother, ye'll aye get every month's wage; you're no to gang on slaving and toiling the way ye've done since ever I mind. I'm done with schooling, and a' the charges I've put you to now; and, mother, if ye would give me comfort in ae thought at sea, let it be that you're weel and at ease at hame, and that I'm some use in this world."

"Muckle use, Eben, muckle good, my bonnie man, and far mair may'ye be when your auld mother's gane to her rest," said the weeping, old woman. "But what do you think I'm caring for ease and comfort, and my ain only laddie at the sea?"

"Mother, I'm meaning nae reproach to you; but I'm nameless and friendless now this day, and carena if I never saw a mortal face again but your ain," said the young man, with a burning cheek and a strong swell of his broad breast, almost like a sob. "If I'm ever spared to come back, I'll come with a name no man shall scoff at; though I'm sure wherefore I should care, that have nae mortal to think of me, I canna tell,—only it's hard to be a mock to fools and bairns. But mother, mind it was my only wish—I had nae other—that ye might take rest and comfort the time I'm away."

"You'll have mony another wish, Eben. I ken the first cross is aye hard; but mony a braw wish will ye have and win before you're as auld as me," said the mother, fondly smoothing down with her wrinkled hand the sleeve of his blue jacket. "But I'll mind mysel'; auld folk win through easier than young, and there's naeboddy but what's good to me, Eben. Ou ay, far better than I deserve."

They were standing within the single room of a very humble cottage, near to the rocky beach of one of the little sea-ports of the coast of Fife. In the centre of the floor stood Eben's sea-chest, cumbering the small apartment. The fire-place was not so bright as its wont; the potato-kettle hung idly over the expiring fire; the window, with its thick, small, greenish panes, gave dimness and shadow even to the summer sunshine, which flashed like gold upon the sea; and the door, which generally admitted light and sounds of human fellowship to this poor,

little dwelling, was now closed upon the sacred leave-taking of the mother and the son. The mother, an old and failing woman, stood beside her departing adventurer, still smoothing the sleeve of his new jacket with one hand, while with the other she vainly strove to conceal her tears and quivering features behind the check apron which she held to her face. The son, with trembling lip and a cheek of hot and proud excitement, supported her on his arm, and vainly tried to command and master his feelings. Eben was only twenty, and a match for any hereditary sailor or fisherman of all those amphibious coasts. A candid, manly brow, and eyes as clear as the depths of a winter sky, were not belied, but only gained a deeper interest in their honest comeliness from the more sensitive lines of the mouth; brave and honest and manful, you could guess from this face of Eben's that the sorrest burden in the world to him was shame. But God who made the heart gave the lot withal, and shame *was* Eben's burden. His father had sinned against man's law as well as God's, and died in banishment, years ago, a disgraced criminal; and his mother, too faithful to the husband whom she would not condemn, had shared in the stigma of his guilt. His name was a disgrace and reproach to him, the cross and heaviness of his life. Repented sin and humblest penitence had not taken away, and could not take, this shadow from his life. Of saddest verity were these words of his; his name was his dishonor.

Some one knocks at the door. It is his shipmate to help him with his sea-chest. The *Traveller* lies in Anstruther harbor, hosts of little sunshiny waves dancing about her, like a crowd of children inspecting at all points the departing voyager; and the water glows and brightens on the Firth, and the west wind stirs the ebbing current on these low rocks, and all is fair, both wind and tide, to carry her out to sea. The sun shines on the fluttering pennon at her mast, on the white sails curling out upon the yards, on the deck where seamen, new embarked throw parting salutations to those groups of friends and neighbors who have made the *Traveller's* sailing the occasion for a holiday. You may see the faltering courage of some betrothed maiden, or the less restrained tears of mother or sister, giving an under-

ground of sorrow to the sparkle of gaiety and pleasure which is over all this scene. But the excitement of it is sad only to a few; enterprise and adventure, good hope and courage, make the hearts of the crew as buoyant as is their handsome craft upon the joyous sea; and the landsmen and women on the shore speak with a certain tenderness and confidence of the *Traveller*, which is an animate thing to them.

But sick on poor Jean Rhymer's heart flashes the brilliant sunshine, and that sweet laughter of the waves, which is music to the rest, is but elfish mockery to her. Holding her son's arm with both hands, and submitting to his guidance blindly,—for weeping is all the use her poor eyes are fit for to-day,—she goes down sadly to the shore, there to commit him out of her own most tender keeping to the keeping of that great Father who is the only father Eben can ever know: and with a sorer heart than any other mother of all these assembled matrons, poor Jean prays prayers for him which are hardly to be restrained within her own soul, but drop from her moving lips in faint inarticulate words, as she draws nearer and nearer to the pier and to the sea.

"Eben!" with a stronger hold his mother clutches his arm, as he is called by an eager voice behind; but Eben himself, with startled haste, pauses and turns round. They are pursued by a woman, brave in a gown and petticoat of new calico, with lace on her cap, and a ribbon to tie it withal,—all matters of rank and distinctive costume, removing Mrs. Horsburgh to a place exalted and lofty, very far above poor old Jean Rhymer's printed short gown and blue woollen petticoat. "Come west three minutes, I'll no keep ye langer; and the *Traveller* doesna sail for half an hour. The gudeman's away at St. Andrew's. O, Eben come!"

His mother does not know how it is that he looses so soon from his arm her hands, which clasp and twine upon it as if they never could be parted. But in a moment she is standing alone, looking out upon the sunny beech and on the pier, where the *Traveller* sets her sails in preparation, while already there is a stir and clustering of sailors round the capstan, as if to raise the anchor. Terror that he will be too late mingles in poor Jean's mind with a little bitter-

ness to find herself forsaken thus on the eve of their farewell. "I maunna find fault—it's just natural; and I'll no vex my laddie his last hour at hame," says the poor mother, as failing and trembling she stands on the roadside eagerly looking for her son's return; but by and by, as she sits down to wait for him, these are hot and heavy tears which fall upon the wayside grass.

In the mean while, Eben, far outstripping his guide—who has a certain dignity to keep up, not to speak of the burden of double his years,—rushes on, his face all glowing with sudden joy and pleasure, to a house which, built upon a slope, is a story higher in this aspect behind than in its respectable front, which looks primly through five square windows upon the main street of Easter Anster. The door is open, the way free before him; and in a moment Eben stands beside a pale, pretty, trembling girl of eighteen, who does not know whether to be most ashamed or joyful at his hasty approach.

Poor Annie Horsburgh! it is not her fault that Eben has been moved to admiration first, and then to manly reverence and secret tenderness, for that sweet, womanly face of hers, with all its ready sympathies. It is not Annie's fault that of all her bolder wooers no one has taught her to believe in the love which she dares not think herself capable of inspiring, but that Eben's eyes have given her warrant of it not to be disputed. But Eben is only poor sad Jean Rhymer's son; and Annie Horsburgh is the sole daughter of John of the same name, the most thriving burgess of this little rotten municipality. However that may be, certain it is that Annie's long-prolonged and silent weeping has prompted this remedy to her soft-hearted mother, and that the cure is greatly efficacious, and succeeds as no other cure could have done, had the good man not been happily away from home on the *Traveller's* sailing-day.

What does he say? Annie cannot tell, as with sad smiles and tears, which have a little struggle together but at last coincide and mingle in a long weeping reverie, she sinks into her seat in the window, and turns her eyes again towards the *Traveller*, which seems to spurn the shore, already impatient of delay, and towards that flying figure hastening to the pier. But by and by the words

come back again; many a day and many a night when Eben is on the high seas, far from home, she will say them in her heart.

And now farewell, mother; farewell to all familiar faces which come to look like friends in this last glance; farewell brave Firth and gentle hills of Fife! the anchor is up, the last cheer rings high in the sympathetic skies. Clouds, like reflections of our snowy canvas, start forth with us on the heavens. God keep the homes we leave behind,—this is our prayer,—well knowing that many a heart besieges heaven this moment for care of us. And now the land glides behind us, stealing away with its tints of ruddy sunshine into the evening clouds, and the night falls pale and solemn on our watch and on the sea.

CHAPTER II.

LIFT the latch softly, uncover your head—age and poverty, and grief dwell with this solitary woman here. The little room is very bright, well swept, and in order; its morsel of fire glowing red and breathing free, as fires only do under careful hands; its single row of plates and cups upon the shelf glancing to the light, and every thing else making it manifest that gloom and disarrangement do not belong of necessity to the very poor. The mistress of the house sits between the window and the fire alone; she is making a cotton gown of the scanty proportions which are “the fashion” in this time, and of such brilliant hues as may become the blooming fisher-lass for whom it is intended. When you look at the composed face of Jean Rhymer now, you see that she is not so old as your first opinion made her. Fifty years have passed over that furrowed brow, and bleached those locks of fair hair that appear under her close cap; but her eyes are not dim, nor her force much abated, though twenty of those fifty years have been years of weeping, distress, and shame. The houses were favored long ago to which Jean Rhymer went as a servant; and no one can tell what her share was in the strange and sole transgression which banished her husband, and has overclouded all the excellence of her life. But so it is; and no one less than Jean herself thinks that this shadow ever can or ever should pass away till life itself has found its consummation and renewal in the Judgment and the grave.

To look at this apartment now, it looks any thing but uncheerful; the sun shining in upon the bright colors of the “calyego” which lies on the deal table by the window, and on Jean’s own lap as she labors at it, fashioning the narrow sleeve and shortened bodice. But if you look long, you will see how the solitary woman puts up her hand softly now and then to wipe a tear from her cheek; and how dull and full of apathy is the look with which sometimes she turns to her dim window or casts her eye towards the open door. The air is very sweet without with human voices, the fairy tongues of children, full of laughter and pleasantness, and all the kindly hum of neighborhood and near familiar life. Footsteps come and go on the narrow path, passengers on the way throw a momentary shadow over the window; but no one turns aside to enter here, and you can see that not a step amongst them all brings expectation to this gray and wrinkled face. Other modes of occupation besides this one are visible in the little room,—a small basket, with a half-completed stocking; a spinning-wheel, with a great heap of hemp upon it, ready for the evening times, when Jean cannot see, or the hours of undesired leisure when she has no other work on hand;—but there is not a single trace of human intercourse or companionship in all this lonely house. And it is strange to Jean, after the wintry night has fallen, and she has closed her door upon the darkening chill, to hear a light knock claim admittance, and a little step pause at the threshold.

“There’s little care in this step,” said Jean to herself as she rose to open the door. “I dinna ken what can bring the like of this light foot to me. Annie Horsburgh, is it you?”

The visitor paused a moment at the door, where Jean herself still stood fronting her, without much appearance of hospitality.

“Am I no to come in?” said Annie, in her sweet girlish voice.

“Come in, and kindly welcome, if it’s your will,” said the mistress of the house; “but I’m little used to see a strange face stopping at my door. It’s a dark wild night to be out your lane. Come in to the fire, and tell me your errand. See, sit down; there’s nae draught here.”

“But I’ve nae errand, Jean,” said Annie,

with many secret blushes. "Folk never look to be asked what errand they have when they ca' at a neighbor's door."

"I havena been neighbors with the like of you for mony a lang day," said Jean with a sigh; "but I'm very weel content ye should come for kindness, if you've nae objection yoursel'; for I'll no deny I am gey dowie mony a day since my Eben gaed to the sea."

"It was summer when he sailed," said Annie. "How lang has the *Traveller* been at sea now?" And as Annie spoke she turned away her eyes, and laid her hand unconsciously upon the idle wheel; for Annie Horsburgh remembered with a faithful memory, not only the day, but the very hour and moment, when the *Traveller* sailed, and did not chose, as she asked the question, to meet with her guilty look the mother's eye.

"Seven months and twa days," said Jean. "I count every hour, whiles to mourn over them, so dark and lanesome as they are to me, and whiles to be glad that every ane that passes brings by laddie nearer hame."

"Are you aye your lane? Is there no a thing to divert you, Jean?" said the visitor sympathetically.

"Na; you're no to think I'm repining," said this humble woman, suddenly assuming an easier tone. "I'm real weel off; naebody ever meddles with me. At kirk or market I never get an ill word, and mony a good turn that I've nae claim to, from ae year's end to the ither; and Eben's in a grand boat, and nae fear of pressing him, and the best son that ever was. Ay, Annie, you're innocent,—you dinna ken; but ane needs to have lang experience and trouble like me to ken what mercies the Lord puts in the cup till it rins ower, and a' to an unworthy creature that deserves to have her name blotted out and forgotten baith in earth and heaven."

Jean Rhymer put up her hand to her eyes; not any outburst of emotion, but the quiet habitual tears that came to her without immediate cause were those that she wiped away.

"But a'boddy likes you, Jean," said Annie, who was crying for sympathy.

"Blessings on them a' for charity!" answered Jean; and she continued with a steady voice, "I've plenty to divert me too; there's my work,—I'm aye blithe when my hands are full,—and there's the bairns playing about the doors; and there's my ain

folk whiles come east to see me now, no to speak of a' my pleasure thinking of my Eben. I've seen mony lads, but I never saw his marrow, though he is my ain. Bless you, Annie, you dinna ken how easy auld folk and lanely folk divert themselves—if it was nae thing but the steps gaun by the door."

"I mind when I've been blithe to hear a step upon the stanes," said Annie, blushing and turning away once more; "but that was because I kent whase step it was, and where it was bound."

"I would ken my Eben's foot as far off as ears could hear, if a' the town were tramping on the road and him but ane among the lave," said Jean. "But mony a day, when I'm sitting quiet, hearing step by step, I think the folk out of their kenning let me see their hearts. There's Sandy Anderson gaun quick by in his sea-boots, with his heavy tread; and I ken as weel as if he came in to tell me that the nets are in the boats, and them a' ready for sea; and I ken when Alick Wast gangs light upon the path that he's courting Lizzie Todd, and kens she's waiting, and wouldna have a' the world to hear; and there, Annie Horsburgh, hearken yoursel',—do you no hear what heavy steps, ilka ane like a sob?"

And so they were,—a slow, heavy, listless foot; in the silence of the night you could hear it go so far upon its weary way.

"It's Christian Linton; her eye's dull in her face, and her heart in her breast. She's nae mair spirit for fighting, or striving, or a single thing in this life; and yet for a' she canna rest, but gangs about the doors with that waefu' tread, as if ilka foot was clodded and never could be free mair. I'm aye wae when I hear her pass the road; she never gets the clod off her foot, and I ken by that she's nae heart for ony thing, and canna pit forth her hands for another wrestle to save hersel'. And there was just your ainsel', Annie,—I kent before you stoppit at this door that it was a young heart free of trouble that came over the way."

"But I'm no free of trouble, Jean," said Annie with a sigh, and a look of some offence; for this seemed a most uninteresting and commonplace position to the apprehension of Annie.

A grave smile came upon Jean Rhymer's face. "You're just a bairn yet, bonnie and made muckle o', every ane contending whilk can like you best. You're neither heavy-

footed nor heavy-hearted; Annie; and there's mair bright days before you than a' that's behind. You maunna meet trouble, it's aye soon enough when it comes; and weel I wot, if it lay in my wish, you would never ken mair than ye ken now, and that would be a good lot."

But Annie was not to be convinced. By and by, when she left Jean Rhymer's door, she went slowly, in heaviness and thought, remembering herself of that youthful trouble which was her best possession almost,—such dreams and pleasant fancies, such hopes and smiles, as it brought in its train; but very soon the slow pace quickened, the drooping eyelid rose, and one could not hear the ringing music of this light young footstep without thought of a light heart.

When her visitor went away, Jean Rhymer closed her door with care, and put the shutter on her window. What treasure had Jean within that caused such precaution in this trustful place? Hush! there is a brightening on her face like an invisible smile. Is Jean Rhymer a miser, then, humble and patient though she be? for this which her eye delights to count and dwell upon is nothing better than a little hoard of money,—twelve soiled one-pound notes,—laid up in a careful parcel in an old pocket-book at the head of her bed. She has added other two, as she counts them once again, and lays them by. Jean Rhymer all her life has labored hard for daily bread. What means this secret treasure now?

CHAPTER III.

"What makes ye sae quiet this morning, Annie?—a' the town's astir with the news, but there's naething but sighing in your face. What ails ye the day?"

"Naething ails me. I'm just gaun about my ain business," said Annie somewhat ungraciously.

"I wouldna gie an auld friend such an answer if I was you," retorted Katrine Mailin, or Melville, a very young newly-married wife, something disposed to stand on her dignity; "and it doesna become a young lass to have such a gloom on her brow. I'm sure I would aye have been glad to hear such a grand story of a neebor-lad mysel', whasever jo he was; and Eben was aye finding errands to come this road, and hanging about your father's door when he was at hame."

"Eben!—he's been away this three year. Wha kens where he is, or what he is now?" said Annie, with a heightened color, resuming her knitting so rapidly that her quick-sighted companion divined at once how deep an interest she had roused by the name.

Annie, seated in her mother's garden, was knitting in the sun, and very prettily the sun shone upon her morning undress,—the pretty, pink, short gown and striped petticoat,—which did her slender youthful figure much more justice than the orthodox gown in which alone Annie could make her appearance, either in her mother's better room or in the street. But Annie had been up by break of day about some household business, and though the sun is strong in the heavens it still wants more than an hour of noon; and she has taken her stocking in a fit of natural caprice, and with her sleeves folded back, and the warm summer breeze playing in at her loose collar and over her round white arms, had fallen into a fit of meditation, when the voice of Katrine, over the wall of the adjoining garden, startled her out of her thoughtful repose. Katrine is a saucy beauty of a gayer and wilder order than her friend, and, brave in a muslin gown, her train looped through her pocket-hole, and her thin white apron fluttering in the pleasant wind, Katrine, idly seated on the boundary-wall, forgets—which it is easy to do at any time—that the whole responsibility of this little house behind her, and all its domestic economies, lie upon her shoulders, and only remembers, what she always does remember, that—mistress of this same house, of John, the joint proprietor, and of herself—she, Katrine, has reached an eminence immeasurably above the level of Annie Horsburgh, her girlish friend.

"Weel, I'm sure ye might say ye were glad to hear the news,—a decent lad that liked you weel, if looks are ever true,—and the hail town astir; no anither thing in ony body's head from Cellardyke to the kirk-latch."

"I canna be glad at what I dinna ken," said Annie. The wily Katrine saw the flush on her cheek, the quickened breathing, and the trembling hands; which dropped loop after loop, in vain haste and anxiety, from the glittering wires. The opportunity was too tempting; the young wife could not resist it.

"Ye needna tell me," said Katrine solemn-

ly; "I'm sure there's something ails ye the day. Give me that stocking, Annie; there's twenty loops drappit, if there's ane. Maybe it's the sun; a bright sun's a confusing thing. If I was you, I would lie down on hour in my bed. I'll speak to your mother mysel', and tell her you're no weel, if you're feared."

"I'm weel enough," said Annie impatiently, "if ye would just let folk be. You're aye hawering you married wives. I wish ye would just mind, Katrine, wha's the auldest and wha's the youngest; and I ken a'boddy said which was the lightest head of the twa before you came to a house of your ain."

"I'm sure I aye mind, Annie," said Katrine, with meek exultation. "I ken I'm the youngest; but a single lass is aye under her mother, and I'm my ain mistress. I should like to see either man or wife that could master me: our John's a decent lad,—he kens better than to try. But, Annie woman, you've never said what you thought of the news."

Annie had reached a considerable height of irritation by this time; but on this renewed attack she made a pause to collect herself.

"You've never tell'd me what the news is, Katrine," said Annie, with some agitation; "it's no my blame if I dinna ken."

"Ye'll no let on, ye ken—eh, Anne? I wouldna be double-minded if I was you. I wonder what the grand Misses Leslie, east the toun, would say to see you in your short gown. Naeboddy but the auld wives wear them now; but you're never like ither folk, Anne Horsburgh—What is't for?"

"It's because ither folk havers, and I'm no gaun to follow a crowd," said Anne sharply.

"Eh me, if she's no flyting! But you've plenty gowns, and your folk have plenty siller to buy ye mair. I wouldna be seen such a like sight, Annie, if I was you. Weel, the fashion's aye changing,—and speaking of changes, I'm sure to think of Eben! but I aye likit that laddie mysel'."

Annie said nothing. By dint of great perseverance and determination the refractory loops had again been recovered into the regular rank and file, and the click of the indignant wires rang through the sunny air, and through the momentary stillness. The exasperated Annie was not to be tempted into another question; and her tormentor, for her own satisfaction, proceeded with the story which could no longer be withheld.

"Ye maybe dinna ken what a transport is; but ye mind, Annie, the *Traveller's* ane. It carries nae cargo but sodgers; but whether they're packed in the hold like common gear, or if they're standing stiff with their guns and their bagnets on the deck, I canna tell,—but they'll be awfu' in the men's road if they are. Weel, I canna tell where it was they were lying, but it was some gate in-shore; and there was to be a grand dancing, and a' the sodger-officers and the captain and the first mate were landed to the ploy. The ship was weel out from the shore,—maybe that she mightna be off her course, maybe because the coast wasna canny, I didna hear; but the folk werena to come aboard till the morning, and the second mate had the command his lane. Weel, wha should come nigh, in the mid-watch of the night, but a fast schooner, with raking masts and a' her canvas set, and the grandest sailor that ever was. She came right on upon the *Traveller*, no a better wish in her head but to run our boat down. Weel, you'll no make this lad that was second mate blind his e'en, seeing that they were very guid anes, as I can witness, and as black as slaes, so he cut his cable, and out with his long gun and gae her a shot into her bows. Ye may think the men were wild by this time, seeing what the thieving villain meant, and they up till her,—they're a' Fife lads, down to wee Tammie Coustie, the captain's man; and when the folk ashore came fleeing to the beach, hearing the cries and the guns,—Hey for Anster and Elie, and a' the bonny towns of Fife!—what did they see but the thief of a Frenchman towing at the *Traveller's* stern, and our flag flying at the mast, and her ain fause villains of a crew a' safe under the hatches, no a cutlass or a pistol among them. I'm no surprised the town's daft at the news; I could cry 'Hurra!' my very sel'."

And Katrine, really moved, broke off abruptly to clap her hands and laugh and cry with triumphant excitement. Meanwhile poor Annie Horsburgh, bending her head down upon her hands, and trembling so that her very chair rocked under her, was fain to weep as quietly as possible, guessing, but not daring to ask, who was the chief hero of this scene.

"You would never guess wha he was, the second mate. Just Eben, and nae ither, that was at the school wi' us a'; and the minister says his name's in the papers,—Eben Rhymer; and he's cleared it, and made it a name

we can a' be proud of, for an Anster man and a neebor-lad. Eh, Annie Horsburgh, there's twelve chappit, and me never thought of my man's dinner! but it's a' your blame."

So saying, Katrine fled abruptly to find her fire out, and barely time for the important processes of the principal meal, leaving Annie in a strange flutter of emotion, quite indifferent as to who might see her in her short gown at twelve o'clock in the day.

CHAPTER IV.

THERE is no change in Jean Rhymers's solitary cottage; as humble as ever, sending up its little curl of smoke into the summer skies, still a little apart from its neighbors, as if with voluntary humility; and something like the lowly willing life-long penance which its patient mistress exhibits in her life,—this little house lies low under the sunshine, brightening with its one window and its open door under the cheerful light. Three years older, but unchanged, the humble owner of the house sits in her habitual seat between the fireplace and the window, with her work upon her knee. She is "neat-handed," as they say in Anster. Sombre as her own appearance is, many a little tasteful emendation in the toilette of these rural beauties tell of Jean Rhymers's hand, and she has constant occupation among them; though still the unspun hemp upon the wheel and the uncompleted stocking in the basket show that Jean is not disposed to lose an hour of her time, even when her eyes fail, and her sewing glimmers before them in the candle-light.

But the little, desolate, well-ordered apartment is strangely filled to-day; not a solitary customer, abounding with painful and minute directions, and full of anxiety that the new gown—which is an event in her life—should look as well as possible, but a little crowd of maidens and matrons, not the least considerable in Anster, fill its narrow bounds with a buzz and stir which make Jean something nervous. The work lies on her lap untouched. She would rise to show her respect but that her limbs feel feeble, and there is such a fluttering tremor upon all her frame; and there are not half as many chairs and stools in the house as would seat her crowd of guests. If you look at Jean more narrowly, you will see that the tears that fill her eyes are not tears of grief, and that a strange brightness has come to every line of her gray and withered face.

"I dinna doubt you're surprised," said Jean meekly; "but no me; for I kent what was in him lang ago."

"You might ken he was a good son, and a well-dispositioned lad,—we a' kent that, mair or less," said the soft-hearted large Mrs. Horsburgh, who led the invading party; "but there's mony a good lad could nae mair have done the like of this than I could lift the Isle of May off the sea. Na, woman, you needna tell me; I ken you were out of your wits as weel as a' the rest."

"I wasna surprised," repeated Jean; and if it was pride, it was a pride so humble, and so full of the touching confidence of love, that not one of her auditors could doubt or belie her. "I wouldna wonder at ony thing my Eben did, except it was something ill; for I ken him from a bairn what's in his heart."

There was a little pause; for, full of curiosity and excitement as this worshipful assembly was, no one could immediately interrupt the deeper current of the mother's thoughts. At last Mrs. Horsburgh, privileged by right of her universal friendliness, broke in:

"I wish ye would tell us some mair; we're a' wild to hear about Eben,—what he's thinking himsel', and how he's to be advanced, and if he's proud of his prize. I'm sure he's mair than mortal if he's no proud, when a' Anster, east and west, is proud for him. What does he say in his letter, Jean? No a creature has a word to say, but a' about Eben. Tell us, like a woman, what the laddie thinks himsel'."

"He says, there came on an awfu' gale when they gaed to sea the next day," said Jean, holding jealously in her hand a letter which she did not open, "and they couldna save baith ships; so they had muckle wark getting the prisoners aboard the *Traveller*, and syne the French boat gaed down."

"Gaed down!" there was a universal cry. "Eh, woman, I thought to see Eben come into Anster harbor captain of her, like wee Ritchie Allen, in St. Minan's, with the French prize," cried one gossip.

"A' the poor laddie's toil's gaen for nought," exclaimed another; "he'll get nae prize-money now."

"Never your mind, Jean," cried big Mrs. Horsburgh; "he's gotten a guid name and favor with the great; there's nae fears for the siller."

"The captain of the Frenchman wouldna leave his ship,—the gunnel was in the water, but he was a brave chield, and wouldna stir,—so my Eben grippit him head and shout-hers, and cast him into the boat: he's a strong callant, and come the length of a man now. If they could press him, I'se warrant they wadna be lang; but he's safe in a transport-ship, and though he was offered a sma' officer's commission in a man-o'-war, my Eben says, na. He aye minds upon his auld mother at hame. The War's hot and sair now, he canna tell when he may win back; but he says he'll ne'er be content till he's sailing quiet voyages out of Anster, and has his ain house to look to, and a' his auld friends,—that's what my Eben says."

"But I would take the commission, if I was him," said Katrine Mailin, "and come hame in navy-blue, with a gold band on my bannet. I wouldna like to see the lass in Anster then that would say him nay: no a right woman in the town would ever speak to her again."

"Whisht, Katrine; Eben's far wiser," said Mrs. Horsburgh. "If he had just a good sloop now, and siller for a plenishing—"

But the words were said under her breath, and the sentence was not concluded; it caught nobody's ear but the one to which it was most important; Jean Rhymer listened with a glistening eye.

"But Annie's never come," said Jean to herself softly, "when her visitors were gone. Annie, that aye came to let me hear the news, she's no lookit near me since the word came,—I canna say she's just like my Eben, out she's a good lassie, and he likes her weel; —I wonder what's keeping Annie,—and after a' her mother said."

Jean did not need to wonder long; for that same evening, when the feeble candle-light shone dim through the thick panes, and Jean sat before her little fire,—it was a balmy June night, but the fire never came amiss in these humble habitations,—knitting her stockings, a light foot approaching warned her to expect her youthful visitor. But Jean was somewhat disappointed to find that Annie's face did not express the same frank and open pleasure, the same quick inquisitive interest, which all her neighbors had already shown. Instead of this, Annie's averted eyes sought any thing rather than to meet Jean's astonished glance; and Annie's conversation lin-

gered upon a hundred little trifling subjects before it came near the one which engrossed all her companion's thoughts.

"I've restless hands," said Annie, twisting about her apron in her fingers till their nervous motion attracted Jean's attention; "I'm aye used to work at something; I'll take the wheel."

And Annie took the wheel; and with her head turned aside made the little machine hum and twirl under the action of her busy foot and hand. Jean did not understand the long silence into which her young visitor's manner fascinated even herself; but at last the one subject, which swallowed up all others, took full possession of her mind again, and the mother spoke:

"I havena seen ye, Annie, since the word came about Eben."

"No." Such a strange, blank, trembling answer! and Annie's head turns still farther away from Jean's eye, and from the light.

"O, Annie, lassie! I thought naebody would understand me, a' my joy and a' my thankfulness, like you; but you havena a kind thought for Eben, poor man, poor man! and I thought you would think o't near as muckle as myself."

"So I do, so I do!" said a whisper by Jean's side, and Annie's tears dropped one by one upon the hemp she spun. Jean Rhymer dried her own eyes, half-compassionate, half-indignant, and shook her head.

"I canna tell what to think, nor what you mean," said Eben's mother. "Maybe you wonder, like a' the rest, that the like of him could do such grand things. Naebody but his mother kent what was in him; I'm no surprised—no me!"

The murmuring broken words of Annie's reply were lost in the little stir of resentment with which Jean's disappointed hope expressed itself.

"What did you say, Annie?" said the mother anxiously, when she became aware that her young companion had spoken. But Annie was not able to repeat it, and Jean lost the comfort of the words; though she was not left in much doubt, after all, when Annie rose from the wheel with her shy and tear-stained face, and still scarcely venturing to look at her, said, "Good night," and hurried away.

"A sloop, and siller for a plenishing." When the window was closed and the door

barred, Jean took out her "posy" from the head of her bed, and turned over the now considerable bundle of soiled notes once more. Increase and blessing to such miser-hoards! An angel could scarcely have dropped a purer or more generous tear than the drop of mingled sadness and joy which fell upon Jean's humble treasure as she put it carefully away.

CHAPTER V.

BUT one year followed and then another. The town of Anster grew oblivious of the great exploit of Eben; his mother's little cottage was no longer crowded with inquirers. When Eben was mentioned, indeed, a kind word of hearty commendation followed his name; but by degrees it came about that Eben was seldom mentioned. Jean Rhymer's harmless life went on as of old. Toiling day by day, she ate her bread with thankfulness of heart; her neighbors even forgot to wonder why, with her regular share of Eben's monthly pay, two entire pounds,—a glorious provision for a single woman,—she should need toil so long and painfully; but her services were in request, and it was the usage of these thrifty people to employ themselves in all available modes of industry; so Jean's labor passed with very little comment, and no one knew of the slow accumulation, gradual and bulky, in the old pocket-book,—the hoard which Jean took down when her heart failed her, to comfort her eyes withal.

And many a suitor went away discomfited from the cheerful kitchen, sacred to winter-evening wooings, where Annie Horsburgh's something pale and pensive beauty gave an additional charm to her father's wealth. Good Mrs. Horsburgh, big and soft-hearted, did not quite approve of this. Eben might be very well indeed, if he were here to keep up by constant care and devotion his own interest in Annie's thoughts; but Annie bade fair to be very soon in a position which an Anster beauty could ill tolerate—without a "lad." There was something humiliating in the thought.

"I'm no sae caring if she wants to wait, and keep free till he comes hame," said Mrs. Horsburgh, with perplexity, "I'm no pressing for her to be marriest; though I had been in my ain house five year mysel' afore I was auld,—she's four-and-twenty, that I should say sae, and her my only bairn;—but to

scorn every decent lad away from her, ne'er to have ane at her hand to gie her right respect, like a' the rest,—it's this that troubles me."

But it seems that Annie was undutifully indifferent to her mother's trouble. She was generally in very good spirits herself,—not at all pining or discontented,—and suffered with great good humor many a sally from the loud and merry Katrine, her next-door neighbor, who now, overwhelmed and deluged with children, was a little less idle, but not a whit less provoking, than of old. Things were in this position, and Eben had been full six years away, when, on a winter's night, at his own fireside, John Horsburgh, a worthy bailie of the borough, took upon himself to expound to a little company his sentiments as to the marriage of daughters in general, and in particular the settlement of his own.

The party consisted, first of Mrs. Horsburgh, seated, large and full, in a great elbow chair covered with check linen. Mrs. Horsburgh's soft hands, dinted with many a dimple, were crossed, in loving, large commixture of thumbs and fingers, in her lap; her feet were on a wooden stool; and a little curly-headed boy, a neighbor's child, hung by her warm skirts, roasting his sunburnt head under the glow of the fire. In the opposite arm-chair the redoubtable John reposed himself after his daily labors, his irascible face twinkling with the lights of a mood of more than ordinary content. Pretty Annie Horsburgh, looking very young on her dreadful eminence of four-and-twenty years, sat a little apart knitting the stocking, which her well-accustomed hand went about busily with little guidance from the eye. Not far from Annie, a handsome young sailor lingered in the background, the only suitor at present on duty; while Katrine, loud and joyous, poising an unruly year-old baby on her shoulder, stands at the door, where she has stood for a long half hour, protesting breathlessly now and then, that "she only came in for half a minute, and durstna stay, or a' the bairns and John would be running wild."

No one observes that the audience has been increased by some one humbly asking admittance at the half-opened door; so the applicant stands timidly on the threshold, waiting till John Horsburgh has delivered his speech that her voice may be heard.

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says the oracle of the Anster council-chamber; "for my part, I think it's naething but a disgrace to puir folk to burden the world with a wheen lassies, when stout callants might help themselves; but I wouldna discountenance them a'thegither. I'm a tolerant man; I like fair play. Ae man may have wheat-bread at his table when anither has but barley scones; and I've seen where daughters were a very decent plenishing to a guid house with plenty of siller. They're aye a fash. I've read books were naething frae beginning to end but how sair decent folk had to toil to get them off their hands; and I'm sure I've been bothered mysel' with as mony haverels seeking after my bit lassie as if she was something out of the common. But I have my ain rule. 'Can ye buy my house at the West Brae,' says I. 'Can ye put plenishing in't that'll please the mistress? For if ye can, I've nae objection, ye can speak to Annie; but if ye canna, ye may be a very decent lad, but you're no for me.' Ye may laugh, but I'm earnest; where ane came that could, he never got a civil word from that gipsy there; and my guid house at the West Brae, that I built for this ungrateful monkey, is bleaching in the rain, with never a fire kindled under its roof. Ye're a wise woman, Katrine; they're a' callants, thae imps of darkness. Be thankful, though they are evil spirits, that there's no ae lassie among them a'."

"If I was you, John Horsburgh, I would be civil," cried Katrine, tossing her wild plaything in the air: "but wee Patie's no heeding, and my man would gie twalpennies he had a sister like himsel' the morn."

A timid knock, repeated two or three times, was audible at last, and Jean Rhymer's pale face looked in at the door.

"I came to say there's twa of the bairns ill in Ralph Horsburgh's at the East Shore," said Jean; "and the mistress would be thankful if somebody would help her; for she's no very weel hersel'. I said I would leave the message, for I was to pass this gate. Good night."

Before any one could answer, Jean had disappeared into the darkness, and you could not perceive in this black, unlighted road with what a light and steady step Jean Rhymer went upon her way. Her lips were moving, muttered words sometimes fell from

her tongue; she was making a very laborious calculation, and wondering over the unknown magnitude of the house at the West Brae, and the kind of plenishing that would please the mistress.

"She's kind by nature, and has a soft heart," said Jean to herself; "she wouldna be for ower grand an outset. My Eben, my bonnie lad, if I but saw him hame!"

But what is this light in Jean Rhymer's window? It cannot come from the fire she gathered so carefully when she went away,—a clear, ruddy glow, it comes merrily through these thick panes, kindling the very darkness of the road into light and exultation. With a trembling heart, and a step faltering with haste and anxiety, accusing herself bitterly for her own incaution in leaving the key of her house and of all her treasure even in her trusty neighbor's hands, and already in fancy beholding a troop of strange depredators violently spoiling her store, Jean hurried forward to investigate. True there is some one within,—some one looking about with careful scrutiny over the well-remembered walls, the homely furniture, the work upon the table. The fire blazes up a cordial welcome to the stranger; the little candle on the table glows like a star through the night. Take time before you scream and rouse the neighborhood; see who this housebreaker is.

He is standing before the fire, taking down one by one and replacing again on the mantelpiece some rude child's toys, which you would think he has some memory of, he handles them so tenderly; and the firelight glows upon his bronzed and manly face, and on the bold, frank, open mien of one who fears no disrespect, knows no shame. But he does not see the blanched face at the window, the strain of anxious gazing, the lessening terror, the growing hope. Quick to the door, Jean Rhymer,—quick lest your footing fail you and your strength give way before his arm is at hand to hold his mother up. With a great cry she rushes blindly at the door; and now it is closed upon her, and no eye sees the meeting. Eben has come home.

CHAPTER VI.

"ANNIE HORSBURGH'S never married yet." The words are said half carelessly; but a less acute eye than his mother's might see how Eben turns his head away, and does not

choose to betray to this broad daylight the glow upon his face.

"Na, she's no married." Jean is very cautious, and with her wary eye follows every motion of the young man's face.

"And aye as bonnie as ever," said Eben hastily, but with a sigh. "The folk say I'll see changes, mother; but I've seen two that make me think I havna been a twelvemonth away."

"What twa is't, Eben?"

"There's you for one," said her son slowly; "and—well, it's no good trying, I canna get Annie Horsburgh out of my head,—she's just the same sweet face she had the day the *Traveller* sailed—but I'm no come home to speak of havers. Mother, what's a' this gear?"

The question is easier asked than answered; and just then a little messenger comes to the door to see if the hasp of hemp is ready for John Gilfillan, the merchant. With a slight tremor Jean rises to commit the completed work into the child's hands, and returns very like a culprit to hear the question asked again in a more imperative tone.

"What's a' this gear, mother; and what's John Gilfillan to you?"

For, alas, in her joy last night, and in her still more overpowering certainty of joy this morning, Jean has forgotten to put aside a half-finished gown, and to push her wheel out of the way; a convicted criminal she stands before her son, her humble eyes cast down, and her hand shaking a little. This has a wonderful effect on Eben. He springs to her side, thrusts her into a chair, exclaims at himself with remorseful anger:

"I've startled ye, mother; but what way did ye no say there was ower little siller? Mother, will ye no speak to me?"

"There wasna ower little siller, Eben, my man."

Her voice was trembling and uncertain; but a sort of joyous embarrassment mingled with its deprecation which previously perplexed Eben.

"You did it just for pleasure, then," said her son, unable to restrain a kick of indignation which sent poor Jean's work-basket skipping over the floor.

Jean rose hastily, but not to pick up this same basket, as Eben—partly angry at himself partly at her—supposed. He thought

his mother was crazy as she mounted on a chair to reach the head of her wooden bed. With breathless hurried eagerness she returned, holding in her hand a bulky parcel; the young man looked on in wonder, while forth upon the table before him a perfect cloud of one-pound notes descended through the darkened air: like autumn leaves in handfuls they fluttered down upon the deal table. He looked on stupefied.

"Mother, what does it mean?"

"It's a' your ain, Eben! I've looked at it mostly every night since there was only twa of them, and it's a' your ain, my darling bairn! Ye're evens with Annie Horsburgh; ye can buy the house at the West Brae whenever ye will; and Eben, Eben, my man, it's a' your ain!"

And down they poured upon the homely board, unused to bear a more valuable burden than Jean Rhymers' simple meal; every shade of complexion, every gradation of purity, from the rare new bit of spotless paper to this one black as night, whereon you can trace but faintly the mystic repetitions that make money of the worthless shred. In a strange flush of excitement, Jean showered them down one by one. Her son could not speak; he gazed at them for a time with blank amazement and incredulity, and at last, burying his face in his hands, bent down upon the table among its precious encumbrances, and wept aloud.

"Ye maunna greet, Eben; you're no to say a word. Eh, man, but I was glad laying up treasure for my bairn, me that helped to bring shame upon him from his earliest breath. I've been real weel a' the time, I've never wanted night nor day; kindness and blessing the Lord poured out on me, till my heart was grit and my cup run ower, and now my son's back, and its permitted to the like of me to help him to a bein house of his ain. O, Eben, I'm unworthy of the grace! You're not to greet, but to rejoice; for I ken the Lord's accepted of a broken spirit now. Your no ill-pleased at me? I'm your mother, Eben, my man!"

"My mother, my mother!" The strong young man threw himself at her feet, hid his face in her homely gown, and sobbed as though his great expanding heart would burst. The poor woman was unprepared for this. Startled and full of many doubts and fears, she sobbed too as she passed her

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hand fondly over his hair and drew it into curls; holding her head away, lest the tears should fall—an evil omen—upon those beloved locks. She had expected to surprise him, but Jean, who saw nothing noble in her own long-loving sacrifice, had not anticipated this.

There were nearly two hundred of these precious bits of paper; for Eben's wages had increased of late, and he too had some little savings of his own; so, with a bold heart, the young sailor took his way that very night to John Horsburgh's hospitable fireside. That Annie shrank into her corner Eben did not wonder, nor was he discouraged when he saw with what sudden variations of color she listened to his conversation with the others; for Mrs. Horsburgh and Katrine, again in for "half a minute," fell upon him with enthusiasm ere he had well entered the room.

"Eh, man, if ye had but been here when the word came about that villain of a French ship!" cried Katrine; "no a lad or lass about the town but was daft for Eben. But if I had been you, would I no have ta'en the commission, and come hame with a cutlass at my side and a grand uniform, like the captain at the Elie? I would ne'er have been done fighting after I ance took a ship, if it had been me."

"I've nae great heart to killing decent men," said Eben; "I wasna to ken which were ne'er-do-wells and which had wives and bairns at hame. Shedding blood is ill pastime; I would rather face the wildest sea that ever ran than a man that got his death at my hand."

"He aye had such a tender heart," said

big Mrs. Horsburgh; "but I mind how ye lickit Johnnie Rodger, Eben, for meddling with Annie, when you were a bairns at the schule. But now ye're hame, what will ye turn your hand to now?"

"If I were you, I would ask him if he had a lock of siller," cried the bold Katrine. "Man, Eben, just tell me!"

"I'm no to complain of," said Eben, with a glow of pleasure at his heart which all the gold in the world could not have brought. "I have nae an empty hand, Katrine, to begin with ance mair; and if I can, I'll set up a house in Anster afore I sail again. I've word of a bonnie wee sloopie,—no so little, either,—that they'll make me skipper of, the morn; and if I prosper a' way else—"

Bursting from them with a shrill "Hurrah!" Katrine ran to call her husband to join her in exultation over Eben's hopes.

"Them that have siller may buy land," said Mrs. Horsburgh, in vague necessity of saying something; and Annie, startled out of her corner, withdrew altogether, trembling disquieted, and afraid she knew not why."

But Eben Rhymer and John Horsburgh met in a very amicable conference not very long thereafter; the house at the West Brae found its tardy master and its sweet shy mistress on a bright summer-day at last; and Jean Rhymer has lived to see such a flock of gallant sons, and such a fleet of prosperous sloops as never before graced the piers and harbor of Anstruther; and weeps most blessed tears to hear her honored Eben say in the presence of his children, that all his joy and all his prosperity dates back to the lonely unknown labors of the poor and solitary widow who once thought her boy was blighted all his life long by the shadow of that sin which, in her wifely love and tender conscience, she believed herself to share.

NAPOLEON.—The mind of Napoleon was vast: but after the manner of the Orientals, and through a contradictory disposition, it descended as it were, by the effect of its own weight, to details which might justly be called low. His first idea was always grand, and his second mean and petty. His mind was like his purse: munificence and meanness held each a string. His genius, which was at once adapted to the stage of the world, and the mountebank's show, resembled a royal robe joined to a harlequin's jacket. Endowed with wonderful and infinite shrewdness, glittering with wit; seizing or creating in every question new and unperceived relations; abounding in lively and picturesque images, animated and pointed expressions; the more forcible from the very in-

correctness of his language, which always bore a sort of foreign impress; sophistical, subtle, and changeable to excess,—he adopted different rules of optics from those by which other men are guided. Add to this the delirium of excess, the habit of drinking from the enchanted cup, and intoxicating himself with the incense of the world; and you may form an idea of the man who, uniting in his caprices all that is lofty and mean in the human character, majestic in the splendor of sovereignty, and peremptory in command, with all that is ignoble and base, even in his grandest achievements, joining the treacherous ambush to the subversion of thrones,—presents altogether such a Jupiter-Scapin, as never before figured on the scene of life.—[Abbe de Pradt.]

From The Athenæum.

Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa; including a Sketch of Sixteen Years' Residence in the Interior. By David Livingstone, LL.D. With Portrait, Maps, and Illustrations. (Murray.)

THE African Columbus has broken the egg, and let the world into his secret. What he has achieved, and endured, and conquered, the witchcraft which for sixteen years he has used against a vertical sun and a malign climate,—how he has run the gauntlet of carnivores and pachyderms and ophidia, how he has lived on roots and locusts and frogs, and moistened his mouth only with rain or river water,—how he has striven with thirst and fever, with the loss of letters, and the absence of intelligent companionship,—how he has sounded unknown lakes, broken through thorny jungles, navigated unknown rivers,—opened to light a world teeming with floral, animal, and mineral wonders,—obtaining ingress for science, for commerce, for religion,—and leading after him as the special spoils of his expedition a throng of colored indigeni drawn along by no other fetters save of love and admiration: so runs the story of his book,—a book not so much of travel and adventure as, in its purport and spacious relation, a veritable poem. As there were lion-slayers before Samson and Hercules, so there have lived African explorers before Dr. Livingstone. Phœnician, Carthaginian, Roman, Saracen, have each made vague footprints soon overgrown or more swiftly erased from the fleet shifting strata of Libyan sand. Portuguese civilization has flickered “a dim religious light” round some hundred miles of eastern and western coast; and slow Dutch contentment, careless of geographical inquiry, occupied itself with bucolic pursuits in the south. The chief African explorers have been sturdy Northerners, fed on oat-cake and conscious of haggis, huntsmen that could camp out on the hills by night, that had been nursed in mists and browned with mountain sunshine, the children of the crags, from the Hebrides or the Highlands, from the woods that overhang the Clyde, or the barren braes that bank the Yarrow. Such was Mungo Park, a Scotch doctor; such, after the lapse almost of a century, is David Livingstone, a Scotch doctor too. A long and not ignoble line lies between them of huntsmen, *savants*, geographers, agents of

science and commerce, collectors of tusks and hides, able-bodied, lynx-eyed, nimble-handed men, the sappers and miners of civilization. Let not the world be ungrateful that there have been Landers and Overwags, and Vogels and Richardsons, or that there still are Barths and Andersons, and Hamiltons and Cummings. They rest from their labors; they have published their narratives and been duly decorated. The two whose names we have coupled may surely, without debate, stand a little apart and distinguished from the rest, if not in boldness and physical prowess, in the keenness of a life-long pursuit, at any rate in self-reliance, in modesty, in manliness, in the unselfishness of their quest, in their high and philanthropic ardor, in their evident reluctance to quit the ingle-nook, and mount an author's seat and discourse glibly from a literary platform. “I think I would rather cross the African continent again,” pleads our modest traveller, “than undertake to write another book. It is far easier to travel than to write about it.” Dr. Livingstone apparently prefers the grip of an actual lion to the uncomfortable position occupied by popular and metaphorical potentates,—a lodge in an African wilderness, the society of Bakwains and pachyderms, rather than examinations in a chamber of commerce,—rather than the necessity of reiterating to Glasgow and Manchester the value of *buaze*,—of tracing Lake Ngami or the Zambesi across a breakfast or dinner table,—of over-eating or under-sleeping himself in a perpetual endeavor to satisfy interrogations on the subject of cotton. The world tasks him hard, it bids the hero rehearse his own deeds, the philanthropist auction his own feelings,—Dr. Livingstone, in fact, demonstrate himself and be the author of a Livingstoniad. Accomplishment in letters the author tells his readers he has none; for his performance he disclaims merit, but he does not sue for indulgence; honestly he acknowledges what he has inherited from earlier antecessors, encroaching on no missionary plot, envying no stranger's or countryman's labors, grateful for hospitality and friendly support, but “a man for a' that,” telling an artless tale, so that the public will not only be glad but better for having listened.

David Livingstone came of a Highland stock, nurtured in mythic Ulva, one of the Hebrides, among wild, windy, sea-music, the

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old Stuart faith and Culloden traditions. His grandfather, a little farmer, was a man after Scott's heart, primed with pedigree and legend;—the gude wife given to crooning Gaelic ditties in supposed lugubrious lament of a certain anachronistic captivity endured by Highlanders somewhere among the Turks. The supply of the farm became too scanty for the household, and the family made a flitting up the Clyde, beyond Glasgow, where there was a cotton-mill, and the sons were received as clerks. Here our traveller appears to have been born and bred among ancestral precepts and ethics, which always ended in an oft-reiterated, though sometimes pretermitted, Highland refrain,—“Be honest.” The father was a little tea-dealer,—a calling which as he practised it, brought him in no worldly wealth, though it advanced him high in the rank of old-fashioned Presbyterian virtue;—the mother, a thrifty housewife, patterned after Burn's type, that “gars auld clothes look amaisht as weel as new.” At ten years old, David went into the factory to earn his bread. Out of his first week's wages he saved enough to buy “The Rudiments of Latin,” which he conned at a night-school from eight to ten. Dictionary researches occupied the time often till midnight, or later, if the mother did not snatch the books out of her boy's hands. The factory bell rang at six in the morning, and the whirr of the loom went on, with a brief quietude for breakfast and dinner, till eight at night. By setting his book on a portion of the spinning-jenny, the boy glanced off sentence after sentence as he passed to and fro to unloop or break the spinning threads. So he read Horace and Virgil, books of travel and science, and acquired the art of abstracting his mind so as, in latter days, to write readily amid the play of children, and uninterrupted by the songs and dances of negroes. He ranged freely over all literary pabulum, except novels; though his father—a precisian in his taste as well as his creed—looked somewhat sourly on his son's fondness for tales of travel or shipwreck, for records of science or discovery, in preference to the glories of the “Cloud of Witnesses,” or the amenities of the “Fourfold State.” A smart, paternal argument, *a posteriori*, made David grieve, but not repent, for the objections he had to forming an acquaintance with “Practical Christianity.” He found better sermons in stones, and a more

healing theology in plants. He scoured Lanarkshire with his brothers, far and wide, collecting simples. They dabbled in occult science, and had stolen interviews with demonology. His first rebuff in geology was among the shells of a limestone quarry. The quarryman looked on in compassionating ignorance. “How ever did these shells come into these rocks?” asked the young *savant*.—“When God made the rocks he made the shells in them!” was the stout reply.

A few years and David was almost out of his teens; he had good wages, and he laid by enough through manual labor in summer to enable him to attend the winter Greek classes at Glasgow, as well as Dr. Wardlaw's Divinity lectures, without a farthing of aid. Among honest God-fearing compatriots he struggled on till he obtained his medical diploma, intent upon wending his way as a missionary in the practice of medicine to China. The war broke out, and through the agency of Mr. Moffat, his father-in-law, and the London missionary Society he turned his thoughts and aspirations Africawards. For that country he embarked in 1840.

The popular conceptions respecting Central Africa at the time of Dr. Livingstone's setting out were tinged with vague and fabulous horror. It was the world's common land, abandoned of science and theology to a thorough principality of evil. A Cambridge prize poet had fixed upon it as a probable site for Armageddon, and romancers in general resorted to its strand in any poetic difficulty, and considered the Sahara as a proper nursery for any thing abnormal,—for Afreets, for Djins, for pigmies and demons in general. Ancient geography usually peopled the unknown spaces with hyænas, or griffins or chimeras; while modern hydrography more sagely left them blank. On the whole, it was argued that Central Africa was an arid, thirsty land, sweltering under equatorial heat, with long, tawny sand-tracts, unbrightened and unfreshened by lakes, or groves, or rivers, its air baleful to man, and its soil only hospitable to serpents and carnivorous beasts. It lay under the perpetual curse and incandescence of the sun in a white glare—baked, shrivelled, scorching. Phaeton seemed there to have been flung sheer down from his father's car, and the wild horses to be scintillating fire as their hoofs struck the flinty region. Away in the

north Mount Atlas, with his ridge of snow, cut off the flight of pleasant breezes. Central Africa, so popular mythology said, was verdureless, riverless, windlocked. Armies had been swept off alive beneath its sands. Pestilence coursed along its stagnant air. Of many times and out of many nations it numbered its victims and its martyrs. Yet here and there on the fringe of the waste, solitary and scarcely described, were specks of pleasant light glinting from patches of garden-ground, or out of wooden homesteads, where a knot of busy wives or sturdy husbands was cheerfully at work, endeavoring to brighten the arid barrenness. To join such a company David Livingstone sailed from Europe. After three months voyage he makes the Cape, lands, and according to orders proceeds northward up the country to the furthest inland station. He is now among the Bechuanas. There for six months he secludes himself from all European associations, growing familiar with the habits, the laws, the language of the tribe among whom he is to live. He prepares for a settlement, turns a watercourse on the land, and then starts northward. He is close on the skirts of Lake Ngami, which seven years afterwards he discovers, the oxen fall ill, and the journey has to be made on foot. The Bakwains have no great opinion of the white man. "He is not strong," they are overheard to say; "he is quite slim, and only appears stout because he puts himself into those bags (trousers); he will soon knock up." But the black men have reckoned without their Highlander; his mountain blood is up, and he keeps them at the top of their speed till they express a worthy opinion of his pace and pedestrian calibre. Now a comet blazes across the path and perplexes the tribes with manifold portents. The missionary has a hundred-mile ride on ox-back, fixes on a site for a settlement, and for the first time in his life hears the roar of wild African lions. The adventure he intended to tell to his grandchildren, but breakfast-parties and dinner-parties have held their breath to listen, and why should not the public hearken too?

A troop of lions infested the village of Mabotsa, where, in 1843, the Doctor was living, leaping into the cattle-pens at night, and even pouncing upon the herds by day. The villagers, breathing vengeance, sallied

out valorously, but, not liking the lions' looks, very soon turned tail. By way of shaming, or pricking on, the natives into justifiable leonicide, the Doctor headed an expedition. The lions occupied a hill a quarter of a mile in length, covered with trees. Round the hill a band of natives crept, gradually closing and hemming the lions in. The doctor and a native called Mebalwe, with guns ready cocked, got on a rock below. A lion was hit, but he bounded off,—and the natives were not fain to attack a second time. Moving on to the village, the Doctor caught sight of the lion again, behind a bush, thirty yards off, and fired off both barrels. "He is shot—he is shot"—was the cry. There was nothing to be seen but the switch of the lion's tail below the bush,—and the missionary loaded again. The sequel he shall tell himself:—

"When in the act of ramming down the bullets I heard a shout. Starting and looking half round, I saw the lion just in the act of springing upon me. I was upon a little height. He caught my shoulder as he sprang; and we both came to the ground below together. Growling horribly close to my ear, he shook me as a terrier dog does a rat. The shock produced a stupor similar to that which seems to be felt by a mouse after the first shake of the cat. It caused a sort of dreaminess, in which there was no sense of pain nor feeling of terror, though quite conscious of all that was happening. It was like what patients, partially under the influence of chloroform, describe, who see all the operation, but feel not the knife. This singular condition was not the result of any mental process. The shake annihilated fear, and allowed no sense of horror in looking round at the beast. This peculiar state is probably produced in all animals killed by the carnivora; and, if so, is a merciful provision by our benevolent Creator for lessening the pain of death. Turning round to relieve myself of the weight, as he had one paw on the back of my head, I saw his eyes directed to Mebalwe, who was trying to shoot him at a distance of ten or fifteen yards. His gun, a flint one, missed fire in both barrels. The lion immediately left me, and attacking Mebalwe, bit his thigh. Another man, whose life I had saved before, after he had been tossed by a buffalo, attempted to spear the lion while he was biting Mebalwe. He left Mebalwe and caught this man by the shoulder, but at that moment the bullets that he had received took effect, and he fell down dead. The whole was the work of a few

moments, and must have been his paroxysm of dying rage. In order to take out the charm from him, the Bakatla on the following day made a huge bonfire over the carcass, which was declared to be that of the largest lion they had ever seen. Besides crunching the bone into splinters, he left eleven teeth-wounds on the upper part of my arm. A wound from this animal's tooth resembles a gunshot wound: it is generally followed by a great deal of sloughing and discharge, and pains are felt in the part periodically ever afterwards. I had on a tartan jacket on the occasion, and I believe that it wiped off all the virus from the teeth that pierced the flesh, for my two companions in this affray have both suffered from the peculiar pains, while I have escaped with only the inconvenience of a false joint in my limb. The man whose shoulder was wounded showed me his wound actually burst forth afresh on the same month of the following year."

To these pastoral Bechuanas, or Bakwains, whose appellative is "they of the alligators," our traveller attached himself, disputing, in his missionary capacity, with the chief, and in his medical capacity, with the *rain-doctor*. His justice and good sense soon won him influence. He bought a title to a plot of land, and perplexed the tribe by paying for it, with £5 worth of goods, after the Penn fashion. Out of doors, he satisfied the idea of a missionary jack-of-all-trades, while his wife was a model maid-of-all-work within. In the way of handicraft and carpentry, he equally gave and took. If the Bakwains helped him to cut a canal to irrigate the fields, he helped them to build a square house for the chief. A native smith taught him to weld iron. He was cunning as a gardener, farmer, preacher, doctor,—and his handy wife did what was needed in the line of tailoring, soap and candles. The tribe now watered their flocks, and pastured their cattle and goats by the river Kolobeng, whither the missionary's hydroscopic wit had moved them, forty miles from their first location. A drought happened, not unlike that in Lucretius, and is as picturesquely described.—

"In our second year no rain fell. In the third the same extraordinary drought followed. Indeed, not ten inches of water fell during these two years, and the Kolobeng ran dry; so many fish were killed that the hyenas from the whole country round collected to the feast, and were unable to finish the putrid masses. A large old alligator, which had never been known to commit any

depredations, was found left high and dry in the mud among the victims. The fourth year was equally unpropitious, the fall of rain being insufficient to bring the grain to maturity. Nothing could be more trying. We dug down in the bed of the river deeper and deeper as the water receded, striving to get a little to keep the fruit-trees alive for better times, but in vain. Needles lying out of doors for months did not rust; and a mixture of sulphuric acid and water, used in a galvanic battery, parted with all its water to the air, instead of imbibing more from it, as it would have done in England. The leaves of indigenous trees were all drooping, soft, and shrivelled, though not dead; and those of the *mimosæ* were closed at mid-day, the same as they are at night. In the midst of this dreary drought, it was wonderful to see those tiny creatures the ants running about with their accustomed vivacity. I put the bulb of a thermometer three inches under soil in the sun at midday, and found the mercury to stand at 132° to 134° ; and if certain kinds of beetles were placed on the surface, they ran about a few seconds and expired. But this broiling heat only augmented the activity of the long-legged, black ants: they never tire; their organs of motion seem endowed with the same power as is ascribed by physiologists to the muscles of the human heart, by which that part of the frame never becomes fatigued, and which may be imparted to all our bodily organs in that higher sphere to which we fondly hope to rise. Where do these ants get their moisture? Our house was built on a hard, ferruginous conglomerate, in order to be out of the way of the white ant, but they came in despite the precaution; and not only were they in this sultry weather able individually to moisten soil to the consistency of mortar for the formation of galleries, which in their way of working is done by night (so that they are screened from the observation of birds by day in passing and repassing towards any vegetable matter they may wish to devour), but, when their inner chambers were laid open, these were also surprisingly humid; yet there was no dew, and, the house being placed on a rock, they could have no subterranean passage to the bed of the river, which ran about 300 yards below the hill. Can it be that they have the power of combining the oxygen and hydrogen of their vegetable food by vital force so as to form water?"

Rain would not bless the lands by the Kolobeng, though, on the hills, ten miles off, they could see the showers descending. The rain clouds hang over the spot as they hung over the home of Thalaba, and sailed away

as mockingly. The missionary was thought to have spell-bound the chief; and the natives had a superstition about the church-bell. "We like you as well as if you had been born with us," said a chief man. "You are the only white man we can become familiar with; but give up that everlasting preaching and praying; we cannot become familiar with that at all. You see we never get rain, while those tribes who never pray get abundance." The native argumentation was difficult to refute, irrefutable almost, as may be understood from a disputation between the two, white and black, allopathic and hydropathic, doctors. The Rain-doctor thus argues:

"Rain Doctor. I use my medicines, and you employ yours; we are both doctors, and doctors are not deceivers. You give a patient medicine. Sometimes God is pleased to heal him by means of your medicine: sometimes not—he dies. When he is cured, you take the credit of what God does. I do the same. Sometimes God grants us rain, sometimes not. When he does, we take the credit of the charm. When a patient dies, you don't give up trust in your medicine, neither do I when rain fails. If you wish me to leave off my medicines, why continue your own?"

Medical Doctor. I give medicine to living creatures within my reach, and can see the effects though no cure follows; you pretend to charm the clouds, which are so far above us that your medicines never reach them. The clouds usually lie in one direction, and your smoke goes in another. God alone can command the clouds. Only try and wait patiently; God will give us rain without your medicines.—*R. D.* Ma-hala-ma-kapa-a-a!! Well, I always thought white men were wise till this morning. Who ever thought of making trial of starvation! Is death pleasant then? —*M. D.* Could you make it rain on one spot and not on another?—*R. D.* I wouldn't think of trying. I like to see the whole country green, and all the people glad; the women clapping their hands and giving me their ornaments for thankfulness, and lullilooing for joy.—*M. D.* I think you deceive both them and yourself.—*R. D.* Well, then, there is a pair of us (meaning both are rogues)."

The people braved the drought well. The women parted with their gawags to buy corn; the children grubbed roots and bulbs up in the bush; and the men, armed with boat-like shields and javelins, harried droves of buffaloes, zebras, gnus, and giraffes into V-shaped *hopos*, or high-hedged traps, be-

tween the sides of which the beasts ran pell-mell, and were tumbled into a pit-fall covered with rushes at the angle, where, with dreadful whooping, the living, heaving, moaning, mutilated mass was crushed or slaughtered.

A root diet, the Doctor notes, is not favorable to the digestion, though remarkably so to the corporation of the patient,—and a four months' abstinence from salt induces "excessive longing and dreaming about roasted ribs of fat oxen, and bowls of cool, thick milk gurgling forth from the big-bellied ealabashes,"—a sensation which enables the missionary to understand the thankfulness "expressed to Mrs. Livingstone by poor Bakwain women, in the interesting condition, for a little of either."

More noisome than drought or carnivores was the contiguity of a colony of Dutch Boers, located among the Cashan Hills, to the east of the Bakwain settlement. They claimed the soil, made forays upon the tribe, carried off children, and forced into villanage the poor natives. By these men, as might have been expected, the missionary was regarded in an evil light. His iron cooking-pot was magnified into a hostile cannon; his sextant was suspicious; and, because he did not dissuade the Bakwains from buying muskets, nor consent to live as a spy, nor advise the surrender of five muskets to the pseudo lords of the manor, the Boers proclaimed the missionary to be rebellious. His doctrines were not good, or adverse to their practices. "You must teach the blacks," murmured the sulky Boer Commandant "that they are not equal to us." In justice, mercy, and equity, assuredly they were not. In 1852, four hundred Boers came to convince the tribe by physical force. Sir George Cathcart had been appealed to by the Boers, about the missionaries. The reply was—"Do as you please." The marauders did. They slew, robbed, plundered. The natives defended themselves till night, when they fled to the hills. Many were slain. A few inviolable Boers fell; and, in revenge, the missionary's house was pillaged. His stock of medicines was smashed, his books were not stolen, but torn up and strewn about the place; his furniture and clothing sold; the school broken up, and two hundred of the children were made slaves. The descendants of Luther and Calvin had determined to shut up the country; the fol-

lower of John Knox had determined to open it.

A sketch of the obnoxious house and household doings at Kolobeng will not be out of place here:—

"The entire absence of shops led us to make everything we needed from the raw materials. You want bricks to build a house, and must forthwith proceed to the field, cut down a tree, and saw it into planks to make the brick-moulds; the materials for doors and windows, too, are standing in the forest; and, if you want to be respected by the natives, a house of decent dimensions, costing an immense amount of manual labor, must be built. The people cannot assist you much; for, though most willing to labor for wages, the Bakwains have a curious inability to make or put things square: like all Bechuanas, their dwellings are made round. In the case of three large houses, erected by myself at different times, every brick and stick had to be put square by my own right hand. Having got the meal ground, the wife proceeds to make it into bread; an extempore oven is often constructed by scooping out a large hole in an anthill, and using a slab of stone for a door. Another plan, which might be adopted by the Australians to produce something better than their 'dampers,' is to make a good fire on a level piece of ground, and, when the ground is thoroughly heated, place the dough in a small short-handled frying-pan, or simply on the hot ashes; invert any sort of metal pot over it, draw the ashes around, and then make a small fire on the top. Dough mixed with a little leaven from a former baking, and allowed to stand an hour or two in the sun, will by this process become excellent bread. We made our own butter, a jar serving as a churn; and our own candles by means of moulds; and soap was procured from the ashes of the plant *salsola*, or from wood-ashes, which in Africa contain so little alkaline matter that the boiling of successive leys has to be continued for a month or six weeks before the fat is saponified. There is not much hardship in being almost entirely dependent on ourselves; there is something of the feeling which must have animated Alexander Selkirk on seeing conveniences springing up before him from his own ingenuity; and married life is all the sweeter when so many comforts emanate directly from the thrifty striving housewife's hands. To some it may appear quite a romantic mode of life; it is one of active benevolence, such as the good may enjoy at home. Take a single day as a sample of the whole. We rose early, because, however hot the day may have been, the evening, night, and morning at Kolobeng were deliciously

refreshing; cool is not the word, where you have neither an increase of cold nor heat to desire, and where you can sit out till midnight with no fear of coughs and rheumatism. After family worship and breakfast between six and seven, we went to keep school for all who would attend; men, women, and children being all invited. School over at eleven o'clock, while the missionary's wife was occupied in domestic matters, the missionary himself had some manual labor, as a smith, carpenter, or gardener, according to whatever was needed for ourselves or for the people; if for the latter, they worked for us in the garden, or at some other employment; skilled labor was thus exchanged for the unskilled. After dinner and an hour's rest the wife attended her infant-school, which the young, who were left by their parents entirely to their own caprice, liked amazingly, and generally mustered a hundred strong; or she varied that with a sewing school, having classes of girls to learn the art; this, too, was equally well relished. During the day every operation must be superintended, and both husband and wife must labor till the sun declines. After sunset the husband went into the town to converse with any one willing to do so; sometimes on general subjects, at other times on religion. On three nights of the week, as soon as the milking of the cows was over and it had become dark, we had a public religious service, and one of instruction on secular subjects, aided by pictures and specimens. These services were diversified by attending upon the sick and prescribing for them, giving food and otherwise assisting the poor and wretched. We tried to gain their affections by attending to the wants of the body. The smallest acts of friendship, an obliging word and civil look, are, as St. Xavier thought, no despicable part of the missionary armor. Nor ought the good opinion of the most abject to be uncared for, when politeness may secure it. Their good word in the aggregate forms a reputation which may be well employed in procuring favor for the Gospel. Show kind attention to the reckless opponents of Christianity on the bed of sickness and pain, and they never can become your personal enemies. Here, if anywhere, love begets love."

Excursions which Dr. Livingstone had made two or three hundred miles to the eastward of Kolobeng had enabled him to collect information and to form plans for an expedition across the desert to the Lake Country, and the tribes to the north. Sechele, the chief of the Bakwains, held hereditary authority over Sekomi, the head of the Bamangwato, the tribe that lived by the lake. An

ox was sent before to Sekomi to make things pleasant for the missionary. Sekomi sent back the present with a message.—“Where are you going?” asked the chief. “You will be killed by the sun and thirst, and then all the white men will blame me for not saving you.” The white man replied that he was “hardheaded,” and to his peculiar organization his death would be ascribed.

The end of the rainy season, from March to April, was the best time for an expedition, on account of the likelihood of finding pools of water or water-melons; but it was not till the 1st of June that the Doctor, with four European companions, set out. The party consisted of eighty oxen, twenty horses, dogs, and a score of men. Fables of serpents that fed on mice, and a strand strewn with enormous elephants' tusks that were commonly used for cattle-pens, animated the natives. Flat heaths covered with acacia, then a soft sandy soil blooming with a sort of lilac blossom, then a waterless region for seventy miles, were their first experiences of the desert. The waggons dragged slowly on only in early morning or at night, for the sun was hot and the sand heavy. The *trocheaner*, an instrument fastened round the wheels, told how slowly the waggons went,—with cracking the whips, with screaming, and beating they only got nineteen miles a day out of the beasts. The sun glared fiercely, the grass was as dry as powder, and the oxen lowed painfully, scenting the water in the waggons. They pass salt-licks; droves of zebras and elands; are detained by a thorny shrub called the wait-a-bit thorn; a crouching Bushwoman; they experience the effects of mirage; and on the 4th of July come to the Zouga, where they make the acquaintance of a tribe of Bayeiye, or Black Quakers, who never fight, their forefathers having handed down a tradition that their first bows were made of Palma-Christi and broke in war. These peaceful people live in primitive boats hollowed out of the trunks of trees. They light fires in them, and prefer sleeping on the water than the land. “On land,” they say, “you have lions, serpents, hyænas, and your enemies; but in your canoe, behind a bank of reed, nothing can harm you.” As they ascend the beautifully-wooded river they hear of “a country full of rivers, so many no one can tell their number, and full of large trees.”

Then for the first time the vision of a

broad navigable river, the highway of commerce and civilization, charms the philanthropist's brain. On the 1st of August Lake Ngami is discovered, shallow, reedy, ninety or a hundred miles in circumference. They try to make a raft to come down the Zouga, but the wood is too dry, and they travel southward along the banks.—

“These are very beautiful, resembling closely many parts of the River Clyde above Glasgow. The formation is soft calcareous tufa, such as forms the bottom of all this basin. The banks are perpendicular on the side to which the water swings, and slopy and grassy on the other. The slopes are selected for the pitfalls designed by the Bayeiye to entrap the animals as they come to drink. These are about seven or eight feet deep, three or four feet wide at the mouth, and gradually decrease till they are only about a foot wide at the bottom. The mouth is an oblong square (the only square thing made by the Bechuanas, for every thing else is round), and the long diameter at the surface is about equal to the depth. The decreasing width towards the bottom is intended to make the animal wedge himself more firmly in by his weight and struggles. The pitfalls are usually in pairs, with a wall a foot thick left uncut between the ends of each. So that if the beast, when it feels its fore-legs descending, should try to save itself from going in altogether by striding the hind-legs, he would spring forward and leap into the second with a force which ensures the fall of his whole body into the trap. They are covered with great care; all the excavated earth is removed to a distance, so as not to excite suspicion in the minds of the animals. Reeds and grass are laid across the top; above this the sand is thrown, and watered so as to appear exactly like the rest of the spot. Some of our party plumped into these pitfalls more than once, even when in search of them, in order to open them to prevent the loss of our cattle. If an ox sees a hole, he carefully avoids it. And old elephants have been known to precede the herd and whisk off the coverings of the pitfalls on each side all the way down to the water. We have known instances in which the old among these sagacious animals have actually lifted the young out of the trap. The trees which adorn the banks are magnificent. Two enormous baobabs (*Adansonia digitata*), or mowanas, grow near its confluence with the lake where we took the observations for the latitude (20° 20' S.) We were unable to ascertain the longitude of the lake, as our watches were useless; it may be between 22° and 23° E. The largest of the two baobabs was 76 feet

in girth. The palmyra appears here and there among trees not met with in the south. The mokuchong or moshoma bears an edible fruit of indifferent quality, but the tree itself would be a fine specimen of arboreal beauty in any part of the world. The trunk is often converted into canoes. The motsouri, which bears a pink plum containing a pleasant acid juice, resembles an orange-tree in its dark evergreen foliage, and a cypress in its form. It was now winter-time, and we saw nothing of the Flora. The plants and bushes were dry; but wild indigo abounded, as indeed it does over large tracts of Africa. It is called Mohetólo, or the 'changer,' by the boys, who dye their ornaments of straw with the juice. There are two kinds of cotton in the country, and the Mashona, who convert it into cloth, dye it blue with this plant. We found the elephants in prodigious numbers on the southern bank. They come to drink by night, and after having slaked their thirst—in doing which they throw large quantities of water over themselves, and are heard, while enjoying the refreshment, screaming with delight—they evince their horror of pitfalls by setting off in a straight line to the desert, and never diverge till they are eight or ten miles off. They are smaller here than in the countries further south. At the Limpopo, for instance, they are upwards of twelve feet high; here, only eleven: further north we shall find them nine feet only. The koodoo, or tolo, seemed smaller, too, than those we had been accustomed to see. We saw specimens of the kuabaoba, or straight-horned rhinoceros (*R. Osweilii*), which is a variety of the white (*R. simus*); and we found that, from the horn being projected downwards, it did not obstruct the line of vision; so that this species is able to be much more wary than its neighbors."

Here is a portrait of Sebituane, the intelligent chief of the Makololo.—

"He was upon an island with all his principal men around him, and engaged in singing when we arrived. It was more like church music than the sing-song é é é, æ æ æ, of the Bechuanas in the south; and they continued the tune for some seconds after we approached. We informed him of the difficulties we had encountered, and how glad we were that they were all at an end by at last reaching his presence. He signified his own joy, and added, 'Your cattle are all bitten by the tsetse, and will certainly die; but never mind, I have oxen and will give you as many as you need.' We, in our ignorance, then thought that, as so few tsetse had bitten them, no great mischief would follow. He then presented us with an ox and a jar of honey as food, and handed us over to the

care of Mahále, who had headed the party to Kolobeng, and would now fain appropriate to himself the whole credit of our coming. Prepared skins of oxen as soft as cloth were given to cover us through the night; and as nothing could be returned to this chief, Mahále became the owner of them. Long before it was day, Sebituane came, and sitting down by the fire, which was lighted for our benefit behind the hedge where we lay, he narrated the difficulties he had himself experienced, when a young man, in crossing that same Desert which we had mastered long afterwards. * * Sebituane was about forty-five years of age; of a tall and wiry form, an olive or coffee-and-milk color, and slightly bald; in manner cool and collected, and more frank in his answers than any other chief I ever met. He was the greatest warrior ever heard of beyond the colony, for, unlike Mosilikatse, Dingaan, and others, he always led his men into battle himself. When he saw the enemy he felt the edge of his battle-axe, and said, 'Aha! it is sharp, and whoever turns his back on the enemy will feel its edge.' So fleet of foot was he, that all his people knew there was no escape for the coward, as any such would be cut down without mercy. In some instances of skulking, he allowed the individual to return home; then calling him, he would say, 'Ah, you prefer dying at home to dying in the field, do you? You shall have your desire.' This was the signal for his immediate execution. He came from the country near the sources of the Likwa and Namagári rivers in the south, so we met him 800 or 900 miles from his birthplace. He was not the son of a chief though related closely to the reigning family of the Basutu; and when in an attack by Sikonyéle the tribe was driven out of one part, Sebituane was one in that immense horde of savages driven back by the Griquas from Kuruman in 1824. He then fled to the north with an insignificant party of men and cattle. At Melita the Bangwaketse collected the Bakwains, Bakátla, and Bahúrutse, to 'eat them up.' Placing his men in front, and the women behind the cattle, he routed the whole of his enemies at one blow. Having thus conquered Makábe, the chief of the Bangwaketse, he took immediate possession of his town and all his goods. * * Conquering all around the lake, he heard of white men living at the west coast; and haunted by what seems to have been the dream of his whole life, a desire to have intercourse with the white man, he passed away to the south-west, into the parts opened up lately by Messrs. Galton and Andersson. There, suffering intensely from thirst, he and his party came to a small well. He decided that the men, not the cattle, should drink it, the former

being of most value, as they could fight for more, should these be lost. In the morning they found the cattle had escaped to the Damarás."

An account of his victories, his character, and death follows.—

"Sebituane had now not only conquered all the black tribes over an immense tract of country, but had made himself dreaded even by the terrible Mosilikatse. He never could trust this ferocious chief, however; and, as the Batoka on the islands had been guilty of ferrying his enemies across the Zambesi, he made a rapid descent upon them, and swept them all out of their island fastnesses. He thus unwittingly performed a good service to the country, by completely breaking down the old system which prevented trade from penetrating into the great central valley. Of the chiefs who escaped, he said, 'They love Mosilikatse, let them live with him: the Zambesi is my line of defence;' and men were placed all along it as sentinels. When he heard of our wish to visit him, he did all he could to assist our approach. Sechele, Sekomi, and Lechulathebe owed their lives to his clemency; and the latter might have paid dearly for his obstructiveness. Sebituane knew everything that happened in the country, he had the art of gaining the affections both of his own people and of strangers. When a party of poor men came to his town to sell their hoes and skins, no matter how ungainly they might be, he soon knew them all. A company of these indigent strangers, sitting far apart from the Makololo gentlemen around the chief, would be surprised to see him come alone to them, and, sitting down, inquire if they were hungry. He would order an attendant to bring meal, milk, and honey, and, mixing them in their sight in order to remove any suspicion from their minds, make them feast, perhaps for the first time in their lives, on a lordly dish. Delighted beyond measure with his affability and liberality, they felt their hearts warm towards him, and gave him all the information in their power; and as he never allowed a party of strangers to go away without giving every one of them, servants and all, a present, his praises were sounded far and wide. 'He has a heart! he is wise!' were the usual expressions we heard before we saw him. He was much pleased with the proof of confidence we had shown in bringing our children, and promised to take us to see his country, so that we might choose a part in which to locate ourselves. Our plan was, that I should remain in the pursuit of my objects as a missionary, while Mr. Oswell explored the Zambesi to the east. Poor Sebituane, however, just after realizing what he

had so long ardently desired, fell sick of inflammation of the lungs, which originated in and extended from an old wound got at Melita. I saw his danger, but being a stranger, I feared to treat him medically, lest, in the event of his death, I should be blamed by his people. I mentioned this to one of his doctors, who said, 'Your fear is prudent and wise; this people would blame you.' He had been cured of this complaint during the year before by the Barotse making a large number of free incisions in the chest. The Makololo doctors, on the other hand, now scarcely cut the skin. On the Sunday afternoon in which he died, when our usual religious service was over, I visited him with my little boy Robert. 'Come near,' said Sebituane, 'and see if I am any longer a man; I am done.' He was thus sensible of the dangerous nature of his disease, so I ventured to assent, and added a single sentence regarding hope after death. 'Why do you speak of death?' said one of a relay of fresh doctors; 'Sebituane will never die.' If I had persisted, the impression would have been produced that by speaking about it I wished him to die.

After sitting with him some time, and commending him to the mercy of God, I rose to depart, when the dying chieftain, raising himself up a little from his prone position, called a servant, and said, 'Take Robert to Maunku (one of his wives), and tell her to give him some milk.' These were the last words of Sebituane. We were not informed of his death until the next day. The burial of a Bechuana chief takes place in his cattle-pen, and all the cattle are driven for an hour or two around and over the grave, so that it may be quite obliterated. We went and spoke to the people, advising them to keep together and support the heir. They took this kindly; and in turn told us not to be alarmed, for they would not think of ascribing the death of their chief to us; that Sebituane had just gone the way of his fathers; and though the father had gone, he had left children, and they hoped that we would be as friendly to his children as we intended to have been to himself. He was decidedly the best specimen of a native chief I ever met. I never felt so much grieved by the loss of a black man before; and it was impossible not to follow him in thought into the world of which he had just heard before he was called away, and to realize somewhat of the feelings of those who pray for the dead."

Here is one of the medical marvels of the book, with a peep into Bechuana life.—

"The Bechuanas are universally much attached to children. A little child toddling near a party of men while they are eating is

sure to get a handful of the food. This love of children may arise, in a great measure, from the patriarchal system under which they dwell. Every little stranger forms an increase of property to the whole community, and is duly reported to the chief—boys being more welcome than girls. The parents take the name of the child, and often address their children as Ma (mother), or Ra (father). Our eldest boy being named Robert, Mrs. Livingstone, was, after his birth, always addressed as Ma-Robert, instead of Mary, her Christian name. I have examined several cases in which a grandmother has taken upon herself to suckle a grandchild. Masina of Kuruman had no children after the birth of her daughter Sina, and had no milk after Sina was weaned, an event which is usually deferred till the child is two or three years old. Sina married when she was seventeen or eighteen, and had twins; Masina, after at least fifteen years' interval since she last suckled a child, took possession of one of them, applied it to her breast, and milk flowed, so that she was able to nurse the child entirely. Masina was at this time at least forty years of age. I have witnessed several other cases analogous to this. A grandmother of forty, or even less, for they become withered at an early age, when left at home with a young child, applies it to her own shrivelled breast, and milk soon follows. In some cases, as that of Ma-bogosing, the chief wife of Mahure, who was about thirty-five years of age, the child was not entirely dependent on the grandmother's breast, as the mother suckled it too. I had witnessed the production of milk so frequently by the simple application of the lips of the child, that I was not therefore surprised when told by the Portuguese in Eastern Africa of a native doctor who, by applying a poultice of the pounded larvæ of hornets to the breast of a woman, aided by the attempts of the child, could bring back the milk. Is it not possible that the story in the 'Cloud of Witnesses,' of a man during the time of persecution in Scotland putting his child to his own breast, and finding, to the astonishment of the whole country, that milk followed the act, may have been literally true? It was regarded and is quoted as a miracle; but the feelings of the father towards the child of a murdered mother must have been as nearly as possible analogous to the maternal feeling; and, as anatomists declare the structure of both male and female breasts to be identical, there is nothing physically impossible in the alleged result. The illustrious Baron Humboldt quotes an instance of the male breast yielding milk; and though I am not conscious of being over-credulous, the strange instances, I have examined in the opposite

sex make me believe that there is no error in that philosopher's statement."

The white doctor is in as great request as Prof. Simpson,—

"A woman came a distance of 100 miles for relief in a complaint which seemed to have baffled the native doctors; a complete cure was the result. Some twelve months after she returned to her husband, she bore a son. Her husband having previously reproached her for being barren, she sent me a handsome present, and proclaimed all over the country that I possessed a medicine for the cure of sterility. The consequence was, that I was teased with applications from husbands and wives from all parts of the country. Some came upwards of 200 miles to purchase the great boon, and it was in vain for me to explain that I only cured the disease of the other case. The more I denied, the higher their offers rose; they would give any money for the 'child medicine;' and it was really heart-rending to hear the earnest entreaty, and see the tearful eye, which spoke the intense desire for offspring: 'I am getting old, you see grey hairs here and there on my head, and I have no child; you know how Bechuana husbands cast their old wives away; what can I do? I have no child to bring water to me when I am sick,' &c."

Here is an account of a jungle,—

"Next morning, by climbing the highest trees, we could see a fine large sheet of water, but surrounded on all sides by the same impenetrable belt of reeds. This is the broad part of the river Chobe, and is called Zabesa. Two tree-covered islands seemed to be much nearer to the water than the shore on which we were, so we made an attempt to get to them first. It was not the reeds alone we had to pass through; a peculiar serrated grass, which at certain angles cut the hand like a razor, was mingled with the reed, and the climbing convolvulus, with stalks which felt as strong as whip-cord, bound the mass together. We felt like pigmies in it, and often the only way we could get on was by both of us leaning against a part and bending it down till we could stand upon it. The perspiration streamed off our bodies, and as the sun rose high, there being no ventilation among the reeds, the heat was stifling, and the water, which was up to the knees, felt agreeably refreshing. After some hours' toil we reached one of the islands. Here we met an old friend, the bramble-bush. My strong moleskins were quite worn through at the knees, and the leather trousers of my companion were torn and his legs bleeding. Tearing my handkerchief in two, I tied the pieces round my knees, and then encountered

another difficulty. We were still forty or fifty yards from the clear water, but now we were opposed by great masses of papyrus, which are like palms in miniature, eight or ten feet high, and an inch and a half in diameter. These were laced together by twining convolvulus, so strongly that the weight of both of us could not make way into the clear water. At last we fortunately found a passage prepared by a hippopotamus. Eager

as soon as we reached the island to look along the vista to clear water I stepped in and found it took me at once up to the neck."

We must delay for the present discussing the agriculture, the topography, the commercial, medical, social, and philanthropic questions raised by this remarkably interesting book.

INJURY TO THE EYE-SIGHT.—Over-work is said to be the great cause of injury to the eyesight. There are many who, on account of a feeble constitution, hereditary tendencies, or a highly susceptible nervous system, cannot at certain periods of life, oblige the eye to perform extraordinary duties, without producing functional disturbance and ultimate feebleness, and if persisted in, irreparable injury. It is believed that the disease which rendered Milton blind was the result of over-work and a dyspeptic condition. The worst forms of *amaurosis* are dependant upon the morbid conditions of the brain, and occur frequently among those who have no occasion closely to apply their eyes. The result, however, may occur from inattention to any symptoms, and persistence in the use of the organ when diseased. The symptoms are observed after any extraordinary effort, such as preparing a long manuscript, incessant reading in a fine-print book, protracted application to some kind of manufacture, or reading while lying in bed. "Without rest, no treatment, however skilful, can avail.

A considerable change of habits, a sea-voyage if it can be afforded; and an entire suspension from ordinary engagements, are very desirable. At least all those pursuits which closely employ the eye-sight, should for the time be abandoned, and thus an entire recovery may be expected. The rule in all these cases, with reference to the use of the eye, is to stop short of fatigue. If, after reading or working an hour there is a feeling of discomfort about the eyes, the labor should be intermitted. Cold water should be applied, and a walk in the open air be taken. All labor by artificial light should be avoided, as well as visiting highly illuminated and badly ventilated apartments. Literary men suffer oftener than any other class, from all the symptoms attributed to over-work. This is especially true of students, because, in order to pursue their labors, the eyes must be perpetually employed. The disease is sometimes attributed to the form of the Greek and Hebrew letters, because students pursuing these studies are often the subjects of attack. But the real cause is to be found in feeble constitutions, over-labor, too much mental excitement, and too little exercise of the body.

The adjustment of light is, perhaps the most important point to be regarded by the student. Alternations of light and darkness distress weak eyes, and debilitate those which are sound. The position of the bed in relation to the window, so that the eyes are not exposed to a strong light on awakening, the sudden transition from light to dark rooms, the degree of light in the study room, the manner in which the light falls upon the page, are all most important considerations, though apparently trifling in themselves. Too little light debilitates the eye and compels over-action, while too much dazzles and confuses, and causes a morbid sensibility of the organ. The student should not, after sitting in the dark to meditate, suddenly commence his studies. He should not have candle-light to the sacrifice of eyesight. There should be sufficient light to see easily, if not more. The light in the room should be equally distributed, and not reflected or concentrated.

The windows should be protected by blue or green curtains, the room should be painted blue or green, and the carpet should be green, for Nature has so suggested. The practice of wearing green shades is bad, unless there is a deficiency in the promineny of the eyes, or a peculiar weakness of the sight. Reading or writing by twilight or moonlight, looking at lightning, and visiting panoramas, are all attended with danger to the sight. Sitting in front of a window, with a quarto book on the knees, sitting with the back directly to any open window, and permitting strong light to fall immediately upon the book or paper, holding a candle between the eye and book, are all practices likely to debilitate the sight. The light should fall, as before remarked, obliquely from above, over the left shoulder.

SOLOMON'S SEAL.—The figure called the Seal of Solomon is often engraved in the bottom of a drinking cup among the Mahometans. It is like a star; two equilateral triangles intersecting each other; which the berry of the flower, which bears the same name, is like.—*Notes and Queries.*

From Punch.
LIBERAVIMUS ANIMAM.

Who pules about mercy? The agonized wail
Of babies hewn piecemeal yet sickens the air,
And echoes still shudder that caught on the
gale

The mother's, the maiden's, wild scream of
despair.

Who pules about mercy? That word may be
said

When steel, red and sated, perforce must re-
tire,

And for every soft hair of each dearly loved head
A cord has despatched a foul fiend to hell-fire.

The Avengers are marching—fierce eyes in a
glow;

Too vengeful for curses are lips locked like
those;

But hearts hold two prayers—to come up with
the foe,

And to hear the proud blast that gives signal
to close.

And woe to the hell-hounds! Right well may
they fear

A vengeance—ay, darker than war ever knew,
When Englishmen charging, exchange the old
cheer

For "Remember the women and babes whom
they slew."

Who slanders our brave ones? What puling
again?

You "fear for the helpless when left as a prey;
"Should the females, the innocent children be
slain,

"Or outraged——" Away with your slanders
away!

Our swords come for slaughter; they come in
the name

Of Justice; and sternly their work shall be
done;

And a world, now indignant, behold with ac-
claim

That hecatomb slain in the face of the sun.

And terrified India shall tell to all time
How Englishmen payed her for murder and
lust;

And stained not their fame with one spot of the
crime

That brought the rich splendor of Delhi to
dust.

But woe to the hell-hounds! Their enemies
know

Who hath said to the soldier that fights in
His name—

"Thy foot shall be dipped in the blood of thy
foe,

"And the tongue of thy dogs shall be red
through the same."

MOODS OF THE MIND.

LIFE may be told in moments. There are a few
In each one's life time, laden with excess
Of deep sensation, which 'twere not to express

Nor to remember wholly, that passed through
The inner heart, and shed the eyes' soft dew;
Whether 'twere symptom of life weariness,
Or that deep joy whose source we cannot guess.
Some hidden chord was touched, and Memory
flew

To dwell delighted on an earlier woe,
And smile to think of tears that once were shed.
By such a presence are we purified.

Perchance these moments come from spirits who
know

Some yearnings of the soul, and bring the dead
With unseen ministrations to our side.

—*Dublin University Magazine.* E. W.

MUSIC.

Music floating from the waters, ebbing through
the valley slowly,

Music where the shattered torrent rises in a
surge of hail,

Music where the bee returning cleaves some-
silent aisle—glade holy,

Music where a maiden wanders singing softly
through the vale.

Music in a roadside cottage, from the evening
group assembled,

Children gathered round their elders, man
hood, age, and lisping child,

And the willing breeze, that near the door with
wavering tone has trembled,

Bears away the psalm's last accents up the
mountain pathway wild.

Music in the stately mansion where the ban-
quet proud is given,

Midst the portraits of ancestors, armor grim,
and sword and shield,

And the music seems to wake to life foes that
long since have striven,

And the prancing charger champs his rein
across the conquered field.

Music where the blooming maiden, with sweet
hope of summer standing,

Hears the minstrel of the village piping forth
his native glee,

And the youth who meet together, in light
groups of laughter standing,

Join the maidens dancing with them round
the Fathers' old oak-tree.

Music where the child is asking its first ac-
cents of its mother,

Music where the mother stoopeth softly o'er
the cradle dear;

Sweeter songs are on her lips than can be sung
by any other,

Who hath also not been gladdened by a
mother's sacred tear?

Music where the spirit only thinketh what it
would to heaven,

Music in the student's labors, in the poet's
early dream,

Music even in those sorrows unto which by na-
ture given,

With the darkest currents mingling, flow
sweet voices of life's stream.

—*Chambers' Journal.* E. F.

From Household Words.

POLARISATION.

I WOULD venture to define Man, in 1857, as the animal who turns every thing in creation to his own advantage.

To instance one thing by which he has so profited, let us confine ourselves to the article Light. None of the elements by which we are surrounded appears to the uninstructed eye so simple as light. It is less material than air; it is infinitely less gross and mechanical than water, which lends itself to human purposes under the energetic and substantial forms of vapor and ice. Apparently, light comes and goes at regulated intervals; but really it issues in an uninterrupted stream from the sun and from Sirius, as well as from the faint fixed stars that are with difficulty visible in the abyss of space: What, then, is that unceasing influence, Light,—“Ethereal, first of things, quintessence pure?” We don't exactly know, nor is it necessary for our welfare that we should. We don't absolutely want to understand the nature of light (though it would be pleasant, certainly to understand it), any more than we require an exact cognisance of the electric fluid,—if fluid there be. Electricity gives us a pleasing titillation, or a smart shock, or strikes us dead; it masks our ignoble spoons and forks with a crust of silver; it generates rotatory motion, by which we can work machinery; it brings us instantaneous tidings of weal or woe; it turns blackest midnight into bright noon day; it will keep the clocks of a whole community going in unison; all according to fixed laws, which we can register and calculate to a nicety. We cannot nearly guess what it may do for us yet, without our knowing what electricity is. The same is true of light.

It would be easy to excite a discussion about the nature of light, which would fill the columns of this journal for the next three months. Huyghens and several other philosophers suggested that, as sound is known to be the effect of vibrations or spherical waves in the air (resembling in some degree the waves that are formed when a stone is thrown into a still pond of water), which travel at a certain rate; so, light is nothing more than the vibrations or undulations in a thin and elastic ether, which ether must pervade all known space; that, as the impression of the ear-waves on the ear pro-

duces the sense of hearing; so, the impression of the ether-undulations on the eye produces the sense of sight. Hence, this hypothesis as to the nature of light is called the Undulatory Theory. But Newton and his immediate followers, held that light consists of minute particles or corpuscles, shot out by luminous bodies with an immense velocity, which (whether undulations or material atoms) has been proved to be at the rate of a hundred and ninety-two miles in a second. Newton's hypothesis, therefore, is called the Corpuscular Theory. His supporters urge that there is no proof of the existence of the all-pervading ether; and that if light, like sound, were the pulsations of waves, it would travel round corners and through curved tubes: but that, instead, it follows the same rectilinear course as would be taken by a cannon-ball uninfluenced by the earth's attraction.

What is most strange is, that several of the phenomena of light may be equally explained on either theory; that neither theory is without its difficulties, and that even by the help of the modern favorite, the undulatory scheme, many optical facts are to be accounted for, only by mere assumption as to the manner and direction in which the ethereal particles vibrate. The visible phenomena are constantly reproduced; but the essential nature of light is probably still unknown. Meanwhile, the undulatory theory may with advantage be provisionally admitted, if only as a sort of artificial memory by which the details of optical facts may be classed and impressed upon the student's mind.

Happily, as with electricity, numerous physical properties of light have been discovered in spite of our uncertainty as to its nature. That more hidden powers remain to be divulged, we can hardly for a moment doubt. In the so-believed simple ray of light, there have been traced the co-existence of a variety of component rays; and self-serving man has turned them to his own advantage. A ray, instead of being one uniform beam, is now known as a complicated bundle, made up of a collection of magic wands of very discrepant efficiency. Newton first employed the prism to split the solar beam into seven rays, colored, three with the primary colors, red, yellow, and blue, and four with their compounds, orange, green, indigo, and violet,

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—although the rainbow had displayed the experiment long before him. Botanists, chemists, and photographers, have derived special service from the generative ray, the heat ray, and the actinic ray, which shine in modes differing from each other and from the rest of their sun-born brethren; it is even said that the photographic ray is more powerful in the New World than in the Old. Amongst the modern dissection of light may be named what is called the polarised ray, and which has been especially pressed into the ranks of the microscope's auxiliaries. Man, the all-appropriating animal, has thus cunningly forwarded his ends by catching at what might be called the impurities of the "quintessence pure."

The modern improvements of the microscope (one of the most important of which is the construction of achromatic object-glasses, first successfully attempted by Monsieur Selligues, of Paris, in 1823) have rendered the difference between old and modern treatises on the microscope and old and modern accessory apparatus, immense. Even the best of compound microscopes, a hundred years ago, were simple and obvious in their construction and uses. Even with the overflowing luxury of half-a-dozen different object-glasses, as in Cuff's chef-d'œuvre described by Baker, there was no combination of their power, no union of their effect; they could merely be used in succession, on separate occasions, according as each respective object investigated required to be more or less magnified. They had a glass for a flea, and a glass for a wheel animalcule; but they dared not attempt the feat which Nature is said to have executed when she required an improved specimen of epic poet,—to make a third, they ventured not to join the other two; for the result would have been colored fringes and confusion. While, of many modern optical luxuries, our forefathers no more dreamt than they did of collodion photography, or Atlantic electric cables. Indeed, so varied and numerous are now the aids to the microscopist, that their very purpose and mode of application is a difficult puzzle to observers, who have looked, and been edified by looking, through simples and compounds of eighteenth-century construction. You may even put the possessor of a modern microscope of only moderate pretensions before a first-class instrument, costing

from thirty to a hundred guineas with its fitting, in its sleek Spanish mahogany case; and, on bringing his hidden treasure to light, he will find the utmost difficulty in directing its movements, so as to see any thing with it. He will open its richly stored drawer or drawers, and be dazzled by the glittering trinkets within, and will have as little idea as to how they are to be worn by the regal microscope (that is where they are to be screwed on, inserted, and placed), as an Addiscombe cadet would have, on inspecting the jewel-box of an Indian begum, or a Mantchoo princess whom he were suddenly called upon to deck appropriately with her native collection of silks, gems and other finery.

Students are now guided in their manipulations of the microscope by various treatises, among which, Dr. Carpenter's wonderful book, and Beale's lectures, are specially excellent; the catalogues of the principal makers are also well worth careful perusal and reference; but there is one set of shining microscopic baubles on which I should like to say a few words, both on account of their being somewhat charily mentioned by the writers referred to, and mainly because they constitute a talisman whose influence is magical, if natural magic be still allowed to exist.

In a former article in this volume, it was stated that if the reader wished to test the attractiveness as well as the portability of modern microscopes, he should arrive some rainy day at a country house full of company, when the guests were prevented from enjoying out-door amusements, with one of Amadio's forty guinea instruments, accompanied by a boxful of good preparations,—on producing which, he would work wonders. One of the means of displaying his marvels would be the apparatus for the polarisation of light. The price and the maker are thus specially named in order to speak of what I know,—as also to indicate that the polariscope is only affixed to instruments of a superior order, and not to students' microscopes of moderate price, which latter may yet be eminently useful for working with ordinary light. Amadio's lowest priced instrument, capable of carrying a polariser, is seven pounds ten shillings, Smith and Beck's educational microscope admits the addition of a polarising apparatus complete, at the additional charge of a guinea and a-half. Of the efficiency of this there can be no

doubt, any more than of those supplied by the other great makers, as Mr. Ross, or Messrs. Powell and Lealand. The instrument employed for polarisation mostly consists of three articles; videlicet, a prism of Iceland spar, called the polariser, fixed in a revolving cylinder, to go below the object; a selenite object-carrier, to be laid on the stage, and on which the object to be examined is laid; and thirdly, the body-prism, or analyser, also of Iceland spar, which is inserted at the bottom into the body of the microscope, and, consequently, above the object. Suppose, then, that your microscope stands before you, and that you are wishing to observe with polarised light; remove the diaphragm plate, and take, with the intention of putting it in its place, the one that has the rack adjustment, or cylinder-fitting (used also with the achromatic condenser, and the spotted lens). Into this plate, screw the polariser, and then insert them beneath the stage; unscrew the adapter at the bottom of the microscope, and the body-prism screws inside, the object-glass screwing beneath it and outside. The selenite is laid on the stage, and on it the object; the focus is found; and you have then only to peep your fill, causing the polariser to revolve occasionally. In many French microscopes, and in certain English ones, the analyser, whether a prism or a tourmaline, is fitted to the eyepiece instead of to the lower end of the body of the microscope; but in either case it is still above the object-glass. These details are not amusing, but they will be welcome to unpractised manipulators, who are puzzling over a newly-arrived instrument, which their love of natural history has induced them to order.

But I may be expected to answer the reasonable question, "Pray, what is polarised light?" The reply is ready; "I don't exactly know; nor do I know who does know exactly." The term polarised, as will be explained by-and-by, affords no explanation, description, or clue. Polarised light is light that has been subjected to certain modes of treatment, by which it acquires, or more properly loses, certain qualities. This is not a very precise or graphic definition, but I cannot help it. There are secrets of nature which lie beyond mortal ken. Polarised light is a sort of superfine light,—to use familiar terms,—from which all the coarser properties

have been winnowed, strained, sifted or beaten out. If common light were wheat immediately after being ground between the millstones, polarised light would be the finest flour obtained therefrom. Light, after having undergone a certain amount of discipline, or torturing, is said to be polarised; about which process of polarisation great and doughty battles might be fought. But, as no professor has plunged as yet to the truth-containing bottom of the well of light, I content myself with the undeniable statement that polarised light is a very pretty thing. Fancy yourself living in a region solely illuminated by Auroræ boreales—and it is not proved that polarisation has nothing to do with the said Auroræ,—imagine a country where every passing cloud throws a diverse-colored shadow of gorgeous hues across your path; where the air breeds rainbows without the aid of a shower, and where the summer breeze breaks those rain-bows into irregular lengths, fragments, and glittering dust, scattering them broad-cast over the land, like autumnal leaves swept by a gale from the forest, and you have an approximate, and by no means exaggerated idea of the effects of polarised light on substances capable of being affected by it. For, it is light endowed with extra delicacy, subtlety, and versatility. It renders visible minute details of structure in the most glaring colors; it gauges crystalline films of infinitesimal thinness; it betrays to the student's search, otherwise inappreciable differences of density or elasticity in the various parts of tissues. Indeed, as a detector, polarised light is invaluable, acting the part of a traitorous spy under the most unexpected circumstances. It denounces as cotton what you believed to be silk; it demonstrates disease where you supposed health. It adorns objects that are vile and mean, whose destiny is only to be cast out—such as parings of nails, shavings of animals' hoofs, cuticle rubbed or peeled from the stems of plants, offscouring of our kitchens and store-rooms, sugar, acids, and salts—with the most magnificent, the most resplendent tints, such as are seen when the sun streams through the stained glass windows of a Norman cathedral.

Light is thrown into this magical condition. First,—When it is reflected from glass at an angle of incidence of fifty-six degrees, forty-five minutes from the perpendicular. This

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only describes one of the modes of producing polarised light, and is no answer to the question, "What is it?" It was thus that the phenomenon was actually discovered in 1808, by professor Malus, while viewing, through a doubly-refracting prism, the light of the setting sun reflected from the glass panes of a French window, called a *croisée*, which happened to stand open, like a door on its hinges, at an angle which must have very closely approximated to that which has since been ascertained to be polarising angle for glass. The ray so reflected is found to have acquired the property of possessing different sides. If the original ray be supposed to be a cylindrical rod, polished or white all round, which is capable of being reflected from a polished surface whatever part of its circumference may strike that surface, the polarised ray may be compared to a square-shaped rod with four flat sides, two of which (opposite) bright and polished, are capable of reflection, while two—black or dull—are not. Now, the word "poles," in physical science, is often used to denote the ends or sides of any body which have acquired contrary properties, as the opposite ends of a magnet, which are called the positive and negative poles. By analogy, the ray of light, whose sides lying at the right angles with each other, were found to be reduced with opposite physical properties, was said to be polarised. The term remains, and can scarcely be changed now; but it subsists in books as a monumental specimen of unfortunate nomenclature. On the undulatory theory, common light is assumed to be produced by vibrations of the ethereal particles in two planes at right angles to the progress of the wave; there are perpendicular vibrations, and there are horizontal vibrations—which is analogous to the motions of the waves of the sea, as experienced by those who have crossed the Channel in a steamboat during a brisk gale, when the rectangular vibrations occasioned by the alternate pitchings and rockings of the vessel have caused the mast head to describe a circle or an oval, as the case might be. In the language of the same hypothesis, polarised light is light propagated only by one plane of vibrations; the effect of whatever causes polarisation, being, to suppress the vibrations in the plane at right angles to the former. Hence, they say, the different properties possessed by the opposite sides or poles of the ray. The theory

is beautifully ingenious; but, if the existence of the other be more than doubtful, soon to be classed with the fixity of the earth and the crystal orbs of the older astronomers, what becomes of all these complicated vibrations? Light polarised by reflection is rarely applied to microscopic purposes.

Secondly, Light may be polarised by transmission through a bundle consisting of from sixteen to eighteen plates of thin glass. Of this nature is the polariscope employed in Woodward's hydro-oxygen microscope.

Thirdly, Light is polarised by passing through certain transparent crystals. Some of these, called double-refracting crystals, split the ray in two. Place them over an object—a printed paragraph for instance—and you suddenly see double; duplicate paragraphs astonish your gaze. They are carried to your retina by the divided ray, and each half-ray is polarised. Iceland spar is the crystal generally employed by the microscope maker for the prisms already mentioned, although others would serve. By an ingenious optical operation, only one of the half-rays is allowed to traverse the body of the microscope. By interposing between the two prisms a plate of selenite or other doubly-refracting medium, color is produced by "interference," in undulatory language; by turning the moveable collar of the polariser, the polarised ray is made to revolve, and an extraordinary succession and variety of hues is the result. These effects will be produced, as far as the ground tint is concerned, even if the objects through which the light is transmitted to the eye have themselves no polarising influence; but, if they have, other phantasmagoric effects will be developed, of which no conception can be conveyed by printed words. The eye actually cloys of the spectacle, if long-continued; dazzled and spent with an alternating contest of iridescent hues, it is glad to repose on the homely coloring of things as they appear in their rainy-day dress.

"Where'er I peep, whatever sights I see,
My heart, untravelled, still returns to thee;
Still to fair daylight turns, quintessence
pure."

Amongst my private treasures is the compound eye of a beetle, parts of which change color under polarised light. It would be curious to ascertain whether any individual creatures—including certain of mankind—are

not gifted with eyes that are more or less polariscopes.

If there exist insects or crustaceans, whose eyes, besides being microscopes, are also polariscopes, what a highly-seasoned view of nature they must have, compared with ours! We hear of cases of people being affected by color-blindness, as if the grey ray were the only one that reached their retina,—of mercers confounding green with scarlet, and of shopmen obliged to have their colored skeins of silk ready sorted to their hand over-night. We have the phenomenon of painters whose pictures make perfect engravings,—they are irreproachable in respect to light and shade, perspective, and drawing,—but in point of color, look like the work of madmen. We have aged oaks rearing their azure stag-heads into a cloudless grass-green sky, and overshadowing a group of yellow bandits who fiercely bestride their purple steeds. Most of our integuments exert a marked action on polarised light: one would think that, in the case of those artists, the capricious faculty was extended to the integument of the eye.

As to what special objects polarised light is applicable — like the microscope itself — it embraces every material thing in nature, whether belonging to the animal, the vegetable, or the mineral kingdom. It is recommended to examine everything with polarised light, in the certainty of its leading to valuable discoveries; by it, the internal structure of various transparent objects is rendered evident, although they may not be recognisable by ordinary illumination; by its delicate indications, the science of optics has become the handmaid to almost every other branch of physics. Integumentary substances in particular form a brilliant and interesting class of objects. A section of a horse's hoof has the effect of the richest Brussel's carpet, with a symmetrical pattern that might be copied by the loom; the same of the rhinoceros' horn, which, however, is said not to be horn, but a tuft of hairs naturally glued together. Ram's horn, a deer's hoof, sheep's hoof, have each its characteristic elegances. If the substance, called whalebone, could be made to display, when beamed on by the rays of gas or wax candles, the ornamental structure and the harmonious shades which it offers when viewed by the micro-polariscope,

it would soon become the fashion for ladies to wear—dare I write it?—stays outside, instead of beneath, their dress.

The elegant structure of fish scales is admirably seen by means of the polariser. Agassiz has classed fish according to their scales; and the student should have a representative of each class for comparison. Perhaps the most striking are the ctenoid, or comblike, scales; namely those which have rows of teeth at the edge by which they are attached to the skin, as in the sole, the pike, the perch, and the red mullet. The scale-teeth glitter with some decided hue, red, green, or blue, while the body of the scale is clouded with color and covered with wavy stripes of wrinkles. In the important question of scales or no scales, the micro-polariser has the power of extending both culinary reform and religious liberty. Till the nineteenth century, the Jews have believed themselves forbidden by their law to eat that savory and nutritious fish, the eel, on the erroneous assumption that it is scaleless; because, that the eel has fins (the other condition of its edibility in Israel), is patent to the nakedest eye. But, I have now under my polaro-microscopic eye some beautiful eel scales,—like elongated oval shields, burnished with brass, and studded with emeralds, sapphires, and topazes, grouped in triangles whose points meet in the centre of the shield,—which might persuade Jews to eat and infidels to enjoy. Before quitting the fishy tribes, be it proclaimed to the epicurean world, that amongst the prettiest of polariscope objects are young oysters; not the little delicious natives which are eaten in London, but a much smaller sample, with which your microscopic preparer will supply you. These are as lovely on the slide as their elders are dainty on the dish. Everybody knows that when there is no r in the month, oysters are out of season, or sick. The milkiness, which then gives them their distasteful quality, consists of swarms of oysterlings which migrate from the maternal bosom and wander till they acquire some fixed position in the world. Marvellous to behold, each of these organized particles of oyster-milk is furnished with a pair of shells quite as perfect, though not so big, as those of its grandmother, and considerably more transparent.

Again, the palates of many gasteropod mollusks, such as periwinkles, whelks, slugs, and snails, are highly sensitive to our extraordinary luminous agent. But, note that these and numerous other objects for the polariscope, with the exception of sections, are best expressly ordered of the preparer, as such; because many of the parts of an object, which would only add to its interest if viewed by ordinary transmitted light, are better removed when they would only dull or obscure the details whose special nature is to exhibit it. This is particularly the case with the palates of mollusks, which polarize best the nearer they are brought to a transparent state. The same circumstance renders it desirable for the amateur to possess two preparations of the same organic object (with crystals the case is different), if it be interesting without the polariser as well as with it.

The vegetable world has a less brilliant display to make, but is still replete with interest. There are spiral cells and vessels, sections of wood, proving coal to be of terrestrial origin and not to have rained from the preadamite sky, as a philosopher of the day maintains; fibres, hairs, and scales, and the very curious minute crystals found in the cells of plants, called raphides, from the Greek word for needle, bodkin, or awl. Of these there are examples in the onion, in rhubarb, in the American aloe, and others. Cuticles containing flint are often very beautiful; that of the common mare's tail presents a remarkably neat shawl pattern in stripes. Very curious optical effects are presented by the various starches. The starch called *tousles-mois*, having the largest grains, is usually selected for exhibition.

Crystalline forms, however, are the target against which polarized light delights to discharge its most splendid fireworks. Salicine, a salt extracted from willow trees, which, it was once hoped, might supersede quinine in the cure of fever, offers, when almost an imperceptible film, the appearance of a pavement consisting not merely of gold, but of lapis lazuli, ruby, emerald, and opal. Chlorate of potash strews the field of view with liberal handfuls of pyramidal jewels. Chromate of potash, which forms a bright yellow solution, offers a remarkable choice of club-shaped crystals, irregularly thrown together, as if a vast army of theatrical special constables

had thrown their tinselled staves into a heap, swearing to prevent breaches of the peace no more. Oxalate of potash, like several other combinations of oxalic acid, is a salt of such variety and brilliancy, that its crystals, floating and glowing in a few drops of solution on the slide, look as if their form and color were the result of a Chinese imagination in its happiest moments.

The worthies of the last century—and amongst them the ingenious Henry Baker—derived great entertainment from watching the configurations of crystallization under the microscope. How some divide and subdivide after a wonderful order, representing at the last a winter scene of trees without leaves: how others perform shootings into the middle of the drop so as to make a figure not unlike the framework for the flooring or the roofing of a house: how distilled verdigris assumes an appearance like four leaves of fern conjoined by their stalks, made them marvel greatly; for they had no suspicion of the flashing lights that were latent in the subjects of their observation. To them, a rose-shaped group of crystals had beauty of form only; but, now, if we catch one in the act of self-formation, we see it spread like an opening flower whose petals are striped and blotched with every imaginable tint.

Still, it is not every saline solution that readily renders up crystals sensitive to the impression of the polarized ray. Common table salt, and alum, although they form beautiful cubes and pyramids, are apt to show but the faintest blush of color; so savory and astringent to the palate, they are insipid to the eye. While Epsom salt, nauseous to swallow, is richly magnificent to behold. Washerwoman's soda displays gaudy blotches with a tendency to an irregular leaf-like shape. Sugar offers but a faint sensibility to polarized light, unless you know how to manage it. The crystals show touches of colored light, but they are too minute to have much effect. To get sugar crystals, the evaporation must be slow, requiring perhaps four and twenty hours; if you hasten the process by heating the syrup on the slide, you get, instead, an amorphous crust of sugar barley. Use neither powder-sugar nor white lump sugar, but sugar candy, to form your solution; then, with patience, you will obtain a crop of lovely crystals, arranged either in circular, or in fan-like groups, which will

well reward your pains. Many of these candy crystals are striped transversely, or diagonally, zebra-fashion, not with black and white, but with the seven prismatic colors. Nitre, although repulsive to the taste, is extremely attractive to the view. Put a drop of warm solution of nitre on a heated slip of glass; introduce it to polarised light, and you will see glittering sword-blades, flashing dirks and bayonets, steel-blue battle-axes, and bloody tomahawks, darting across the field, as if they were stabbing at some unseen enemy. The very crystals of nitre are suggestive of battle and storm. You get permanent representations of flashes of lightning. An artist about to paint either a Jovine, or an imperial eagle, will do well to consult a crystallization of nitre as a model for his thunderbolts.

The several vitriols of the Alchemists—blue, green, and white—the sulphates of copper, iron, and zinc—are three lovely daughters of Iris, born to fathers each more resplendently rich than the other, with gnomes and sylphs for their godfathers and godmothers. These beauties should always be kept in attendance, ready to display their charms, and to dazzle the inexperienced stranger by their wondrous hues. The first, sulphate of copper, is gorgeously attired; on her robe, the supplemental colors come out with striking contrast and alternation. The second, sulphate of iron (rumored to have occasional dealings with London porter), looks as if her parent, the king of the gnomes, had been trying how fine he could make his offspring. White vitriol, the progeny of zinc, is clothed in a spangled mantle that far outshines the starry heavens.

FESSENDEN'S HUARD'S CHEMISTRY.—We have before us a little treatise upon Chemistry, intended for the use both of the professor and the student, the basis of the work being the "Epitome of Chemistry" by Auguste Huard, translated with additions, by Mr. John B. Fessenden of the Lawrence Scientific School. Mr. Fessenden, we should judge, was admirably qualified for the task which he has undertaken, and has applied himself to its discharge with intelligence, patience, and assiduity. He speaks with modesty of the value of his additions to the text of the original, but we believe that they are both considerable and important, and of a nature sensibly to augment the usefulness of the work. The body of the book is occupied with a particular account of the chemical nomenclature, and a description of all the elements and the principal compound substances. Mr. Fessenden has added a table, computed by himself, giving the logarithms of chemical equivalents, which will be of great use in the calculation of analyses. Altogether he has made a book which no chemical student can well afford to be without. Published in Boston and Cambridge by Messrs. James Munroe & Co.—*Daily Advertiser*.

This little treatise contains "an abridged introduction to the study of Chemistry, with an account of the chemical nomenclature and the principles on which it is based. A description of all the simple bodies, of all the definite binary combinations with oxygen, and of one hundred and thirty non-oxygenated compounds and salts, with equations and signs. Their chemical notation, the date of their discovery, existence in nature, equivalent, density, solubility in water, fusibility, degree of electro-negative intensity, products of volatilization and combustion, specific heat, malleability, ductility, tenacity, alloys, and all other chemi-

cal and physical properties, manner of extraction from ores, and preparation for use in chemistry, and also in the arts and manufactures." A table for the calculation of analyses is added. "The compounds are taken from Fresenius's 'System of Quantitative Analysis,' and the equivalent numbers from Gmelin's 'Handbook of Chemistry.'"

The work is by no means solely adapted to the use of professors and students. All who have once been conversant with chemistry will find it of decided value in keeping that most slippery of sciences from utterly escaping the memory.—*Boston Journal*.

THE RUINS OF LONDON, SKETCHED BY WALPOLE BEFORE MACAULAY.—We are all familiar with Mr. Macaulay's savages gazing at the wrecks of our fallen metropolis, from a broken arch of Blackfriars Bridge. Walpole in a letter to Mason (Nov. 27. 1775), sketches a picture which has something of the same sentiment in it.

"I approve," he says, "your printing in manuscript, that is, not for the public; for who knows how long the public will be able, or be permitted to read? Bury a few copies against this Island is rediscovered: some American versed in the old English language will translate it, and revive the true taste in gardening; though he will smile at the diminutive scenes on the little Thames when he is planting a forest on the banks of the Oronoko. I love to skip into futurity and imagine what will be done on the giant scale of a new hemisphere: but I am in little London, and must go and dress for a dinner with some of the inhabitants of that ancient metropolis, now in ruins, which was really for a moment, the capital of a large empire, but the poor man who made it so outlived himself and the duration of the empire."

—*Notes and Queries*.

From The Saturday Review.
SEUL.*

THE history of Alexander Selkirk is familiar in its general outline to most English readers, but few persons probably are acquainted with its details. In France, the subject is almost entirely new, and the volume, therefore, in which M. Saintine recounts Selkirk's adventures may be acceptable on both sides of the Channel. With the execution we must confess ourselves disappointed. The work is tinged throughout with a sentimental and melodramatic coloring entirely alien to the whole spirit of British naval adventure. And it labors under the great disadvantage which attaches to all works which are a compound of fiction and fact. We do not know when M. Saintine is romancing, and when he is only following his authorities. In his opening chapter he speaks of having consulted manuscripts, which is the usual way in which a story-teller announces that he trusts to his imagination for his facts. But undoubtedly there exist considerable materials in the voyages of Dampier and Cook for a life of Selkirk, and M. Saintine is thus enabled perpetually to interweave acknowledged facts into the texture of his fiction. This is not the sort of book we should choose on such a subject. A simple and short narrative of what is known to be true, collected from the volumes of the old voyagers, and thrown into an easy and continuous narrative, would have been preferable. The very title indicates the character of M. Saintine's work. It jars upon the tastes of Englishmen—who habitually associate with salt water a notion of roughness and homely honesty—that the narrative of the adventures of a British seaman on an uninhabited island should be designated by the theatrical title of "Alone." M. Saintine, however, is an author whose works can never fail to have considerable merits; and if *Seul* is taken on its own ground, and we are content that the writer should write in his own fashion, it must be allowed that the book is a good one. The style seems to us more than usually clear and elegant; and as the subject is a suitable one, and the volume is pervaded by a spirit of mild religion, it may be very useful in England as an educational work.

A comparatively small portion of it is occupied with the adventures of Selkirk on his

* *Seul*. Par X. B. Saintine. Paris. 1857.

island, the bulk being devoted to an account of his early history, and of the circumstances which led to his being abandoned by his comrades. If we follow M. Saintine's version, this introductory story runs as follows:—Alexander Seleraig—a name which he himself afterwards altered into Selkirk—was born at Largo, in Fifeshire, about 1680, and was the son of a cobbler, attached as a confidant and steward to the person of a laird named MacYvon. The laird took part in the rising of Claverhouse, and was killed. The fortunes of the lad, who had been a pet of the laird's, were suddenly changed. His father returned to his cobbling, and the boy was nicknamed by his companions, "Sir Old Shoe," in revenge for the contempt and haughtiness with which he had treated them while his patron was alive. This insult rankled in his breast, and was the first beginning of that bitter detestation of his fellows which clung to him so long, and which resulted in his exile in the island of Juan Fernandez. After a wild boyhood he ran away to sea, and years passed without anything being heard of him. On his return, he got into a quarrel with an old buccaneer, who aspired to the hand of the landlady of a public-house—*la belle Catherine* (obligingly translated for us by M. Saintine as "Ketty-pretty"). This ruffian thought Selkirk preferred by his mistress, and in order to be rid of him, persuaded him to join an expedition which Dampier was fitting out. Selkirk consented, and his enemy sailed also as captain of one of the associated vessels. In the course of time he got Selkirk on board his ship, quarrelled with him, and having him at his mercy, owing to the general dislike among the crew of Selkirk's unsociable temper, first made one or two attempts to despatch him, as if by accident, and finally left him on the island where he was "monarch of all he surveyed."

Captain Cook published an account of Selkirk's residence on the island, which lasted rather more than four years, and there is much that is interesting in the story. He was not left entirely destitute, for a gun and plenty of ammunition, and a few other necessities, had been placed in a spot where he was likely to find them. His loneliness was cheered by the company of a monkey that had been on board the ship in which he sailed, and which was left on the island with him. Unfortunately he killed the monkey

by entangling it in the folds of a rope which he was using to assist him in climbing a rock. After a long interval he determined to make an effort to escape, and constructed a raft, on which he placed all his equipments, but he was washed back to his island, and everything on the raft was carried away. Thenceforward he had no resource in any of the arts of civilized man. He lived like a savage, and almost like a wild beast, and supported himself on the animals which he ran down. When he was discovered, he had lost the use of speech, and had almost entirely lost his memory. There were thus two stages in his career. In the first, he was a solitary civilized man, struggling to make himself a habitation, and to procure sustenance under circumstances of difficulty—in the second, he was a barbarian, living with and on the beasts of the field. M. Saintine attempts to trace his psychological history—his first joy at being released from the society of men whom he hated, his delight in loneliness, then his sense of oppression under the weight of solitude, then his bitter loathing of it, and lastly the succumbing of his faculties under the pressure of its horrors. To succeed in depicting this process would require great poetical power, and we cannot say that, in our opinion, M. Saintine is successful. He is a victim to two snares—the love of stage effect, and the love of petty moralizing. He also delights in childish surprises. Selkirk sees a flotilla of Indian canoes coming, and they turn out to be seals—he sees the huts of a tribe, and they are nothing but mounds made by ants. Even M. Saintine's painstaking accuracy of scenic detail is rather discouraging. He has got all the tropical plants all right, with the right colored flowers to them, and the proper shell-fish and herbs

—which is praiseworthy, but tiring. A page or two of botany is not any the more amusing because the plants enumerated have a claim to be in the list.

It is not by such methods of approaching truth that Defoe gave the wonderful air of verisimilitude to his *Robinson Crusoe* which has made that work a masterpiece of fiction. He knew what a plain Englishman would be likely to do and say under the circumstances. M. Saintine only knows the emotions which a recital of the circumstances would awaken in a Frenchman. He blames Defoe because he makes his hero (whom M. Saintine oddly calls *le Robinson de Daniel*), lead a different life from what Selkirk did, although the adventures of Selkirk undoubtedly furnished the groundwork of Defoe's fiction. He says that "Man Friday" spoils the whole conception of utter loneliness, which is the striking point in Selkirk's history. It would not be difficult to discover reasons why Defoe gave his story the turn which he did; but what is much more important is the fact that Defoe thought the story required a very considerable reconstruction, so as to distinguish it clearly from Selkirk's history. Intending to write a fiction, he avoided mixing up fiction and fact. We must say that this seems to us far preferable to writing a biographical romance. Although Selkirk had the advantage of actually existing, he appears to the reader of M. Saintine's volume a much less real person than Robinson Crusoe. It is certain that Selkirk felt in some shape the terrors of solitude; but the shape in which we have them here presented is that which they wear to M. Saintine. Directly the limits of fact are passed, there is no guide to truth except the imagination; and in force of imagination M. Saintine is, we think, deficient.

MR. MURRAY'S Trade Sale on 3 Nov.—the opening fact of the new literary season—came off with success. Of course the great card was the Livingstoniad—reviewed in our opening pages—the subscription to which exceeds, with one exception that of any work of high and expensive class published of late years. The trade sale was 13,800. Among other sales were 1,200 copies of Lord Dufferin's *Yacht Voyage*,—1,450 of Smiles' *Life of Stephenson*,—1,500 of Blunt on the *Fathers*;—500 of Cro-

ker's *Essays*,—500 of Waagen's new volume on *Art*,—600 of Birch's *Ancient Pottery*,—800 of Somerville's *Physical Geography*,—3,000 of King Edward the Sixth's *Latin Grammar*,—6,300 of Markham's *England*,—5,900 of Little Arthur's *England*,—800 of James' *Æsop*,—1,300 of *Modern Domestic Cookery*,—500 of Paris' *Philosophy in Sport*,—1,200 of Smiths' *Latin Dictionary*,—and 1,500 of Liddell's *Rome*. Such a sale speaks well for the prospects of the opening season.

From The Spectator.

THE principal purpose in *Virginia Illustrated* is topographical, combined with sketches of manners and "odd characters." The wilder scenery, the remarkable natural curiosities, the public institutions, whether for pleasure, as springs, or education, as colleges, together with some traditions of the State, constitute the subject-matter. The form is that of fiction, as well as the incidents, characters, and dialogues. Indeed, the plan is not essentially unlike one or two comic tours that have appeared in this country, where a party of humorists, or persons who are the cause of humor in others, set out on their travels, accompanied by an artist whose pictures illustrate the scenery or incidents of the tour. In the wilder parts of Virginia the scenery is more striking than in the common European excursions; the primitive people of the old dominion are more racy, while the Negroes display their peculiar humor; the accommodations are not so good, and the roads are more fruitful in difficulties and adventures.

There is topographical information in the book, very well brought before the eye, when representation will assist description, by a number of wood-cuts. They more especially exhibit the stout, muscular, well-looking Negro, in various employments, and suggestive in external appearance of any thing but misery and slavery. The style is not without a touch of Washington Irving's quiet humor, but in the direct topographical parts is somewhat literal; nor do the occurrences and dialogues do much to relieve it. This is not the case with the wilder life, or the stories and anecdotes with which the work is sprinkled. Some of these relate to the olden times, and even the Revolutionary war. Here is one where the indignant and dignified rebuke of a patriotic matron is met by the coolness of an experienced campaigner.

"In one of Tarleton's marauding expeditions into the interior of Virginia, his troops stopped to breakfast at the plantation of old Major Hardy, the father of the present squire. All those of the household that drew the sword were with the armies of their

country, but they had by no means carried with them all the pluck and patriotism.

"The good lady received her visitors with such spirit that it seemed she still considered her house her own, and she still appeared to give with haughty hospitality what her unwelcome guests would have taken as a matter of course. The officers who breakfasted in the house were awed into respect by her manner, and her houses and barns were spared a fate that befell many others. But the passage of such a troop was like a visit of the locusts of Egypt. Fodder-stacks had disappeared, granaries were emptied, meat-houses rifled, piggery and poultry-yard silent as the grave. The matron contemplated the devastation with swelling indignation. All gone—all. If they had been Washington's troopers she would have gloried in the sacrifice; but to be forced to feed the host of the oppressor—to give nourishment and strength to those who might soon meet her husband and sons in battle—that was hard indeed.

"The Negroes had returned from their hiding-places, and stood grouped around, with eyes fixed upon their mistress, but not daring to break the silence. Presently an old Muscovy drake crept out from beneath the corn-house where he had taken refuge during that reign of terror. The sight of this solitary and now useless patriarch was the feather that broke the camel's back; the matron's patience gave way under it.

"'Jack,' she screamed, 'catch that duck!'

"With the instinct of obedience, Jack pounced upon the wheezing waddler.

"'Now mount that mare—mount instantly!'

"With countenance of ashy hue, and staring eyes, Jack obeyed the order.

"'Now ride after the troopers, ride for your life. Give my compliments to Colonel Tarleton—mind, to no one else—the officer on the black horse—give him my compliments, and tell him your mistress says he forgot to take that duck.'

"Away went the messenger at full speed after the retreating cohorts.

"'Well, Jack, did you deliver that message?'

"'Sartain, Missus.'

"'To Colonel Tarlton himself?'

"'Sartain, Missus.'

"'And what did he say?'

"'He put duck in he wallet, and say he much 'bliged.'"

AUTUMN.

I saw the leaves drop trembling
From crests of cory limbes;
The wind sang through the branches
Most sorrow-making rhymes.

No flower in all the valleys
Look'd up with face of mirth;
But shroud-like vapor rested
Upon the bloomless earth.

Then fearful thoughts, too truth-like,
Of inner change and blight
Came o'er my startled spirit,
As fell the early night.

"But, Autumn," cried I, "scatter
The leaves from forest-trees;
And moan through saddened branches
Thy wailing threnodies.

But spare this heart the verdure
That rob'd it in the spring,
And let the summer's echoes
Still round my pathway sing!

Rest only on the valleys,
Drear mist that bringest death!
But breathe not on this bosom
Thy joy-destroying breath!"

Household Words.

THE OLD HOUSE.

I.

Now the night has settled on the mountains,
And the world is growing dark and drear;
Sleekly floats the hazle-margined river,
Drifts along the woods th' uneasy air:
Time alone the comrade of our chamber
On our pulses counts his passing dower,
And the clock ticks in the darkened passage,
Climbing—chiming—
Chiming—climbing—
Climbing up the minutes toward the Hour.

II.

Many a year has vanished since we rested
In this old House 'mid the aged trees:
Solemn thoughts are now its grave Penates,
And its Lares, loving memories:
Many a magic morn have hope and fancy
Turned this chamber to a fadeless bower,
While the clock ticked in the sunny silence,
Climbing—chiming—
Chiming—climbing—
Climbing up the minutes toward the Hour.

III.

Here we dwelt in happy days departed,—
Heaven was then more near than now it
seems;

Book-imprisoned spirits as our comrades
Yielded daily thought and evening dreams;
Here 'mid focus of purest old affection
Death, undreaded, seemed to lose his power,
While the clock ticked in the pleasant passage,
Climbing—chiming—
Chiming—climbing—
Climbing up the minutes toward the Hour.

IV.

O! the joyous times of spring and autumn,
O! the April moons, the golden sheaves,
O! the walks in mellow, mild September,
Down the sky-blue river in falling leaves?
Day by day the belfry's peaceful shadow
Passed the tomb long closed by many a
flower;
But the clock ticked in the solemn passage,
Climbing—chiming—
Chiming—climbing—
Climbing up the minutes toward the Hour.

V.

Here along the drooping eaves of ivy
Sadly swayed the bell's remembered chimes;
Here we mused, while to the dreaming fancy
Setting suns brought back the dear old times;
Destinies of splendor orb'd before us,
As you star gleamed o'er the mouldering
tower,
Still the clock ticked in the awesome passage,
Climbing—chiming—
Chiming—climbing—
Climbing up the minutes toward the Hour.

VI.

All is vanished—joy, and youth, and summer;
Voices from the distance throng the ears:
Memory vibrates, but to olden music,
And so wakening yields us only tears:
Yet, for love of friends and days departed,
Wait, we hear the dark, approaching Power;
List—the clock ticks in the silent passage,
Climbing—chiming—
Chiming—Climbing—
Climbing up the minutes toward the Hour.

VII.

Lo! 'tis dawn!—a beam of level twilight—
As that burst of summer thunder tolled—
On the cloudy altar of the morning
Glimmers like an Angel's brand of gold:
And the first bird wakened in the glory
Sprinkles round a life exultant shower—
But the clock ticks in the granite passage,
Climbing—chiming—
Chiming—climbing—
Climbing up the minutes toward the Hour.

T. IRWIN.

—*Dublin University Magazine.*



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